

IMPROVEMENT ERA



JULY, 1924

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No. 9

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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Trail of the Pioneers

A long, lone trail winds steep and far, through maze of yester-years;
'Twas trod by loyal feet and true—trail of the Pioneers.

The path is traced by stains of blood and embers cold and spent,
And lowly mounds, unmarked, but tell which way the pilgrims went.

The way leads over mountains wild, and deserts waste and dry,
'Neath wintry snows with chilling blasts and summer's parching sky.

It ends far from the haunts of men where wild beasts fearless roam;
The long weird cry of lone coyote, the Wand'rer's welcome home.

The rattle snake and grey night-owl but broke the stillness there,
Until the Pilgrim's holy hymn rose on the evening air.

As we in fancy take the trail they moistened with their tears,
We catch the beck'ning light of hope that led the Pioneers.

A holy shrine of living faith rose at their journey's end;
Where, mid the stillness of God's hills, their prayers might ascend.

Bright vision of a peaceful home with hearth-fire burning bright,
Their pillared cloud to lead by day, their pillared flame, by night.

A home where honor should prevail, and virtue should abide,
Where true devotions might ascend at holy eventide.

Where sons and daughters should be reared, soul-clean, heart-strong,
and pure;
Where parenthood should claim its own, and filial love endure.

Where honest manhood sits enthroned, true womanhood is crowned;
Where freedom thrills, where hope inspires, where Godliness abounds.

As we their children, follow on, through passing of the years,
That trail shall be Truth's monument built by the Pioneers.

God keep it in our memories,
Undimmed from age to age,
That living Faith, that beck'ning Hope,
Our precious heritage.

Tridell, Utah

ALICE MORRILL.



Utah woods that dilate and elevate the soul

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The Pioneer Dead

Gone are the old trails your covered wagons wore;
Gone are the old songs—gone for evermore—
Gone to cheer you 'long the way to God's inviting shore.

Dark are the camp fires beside the willowed streams;
Sad now the waters that brought you peace—and dreams,
And madly past your unmarked dead the locomotive screams.

The plains no longer whisper with the rustle of the grass;
No longer halt the bull teams in stolid, sweating mass,
To let the migrant buffalo in scornful glory pass.

Gone the wily traders who watched your trains askance;
Gone the crouching warriors who challenged your advance,
And plotted your extinction in savage song and dance.

Gone—'tis gone, the old West—with your singing and your tears,
Over the blue horizon, into the gulch of years—
Yet oft I see you trailing still among the starlit spheres.

For even in heaven, I fancy, you have little time to rest,
With paths to be blazed and charted into God's eternal West—
For God reserves the best gifts for the men who serve him best.

FRANK C. STEELE

Lethbridge, Alta, Canada

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WINNING THE WORLD FOR CHRIST

BY ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

[At the April annual Conference of the Church, Elder Melvin J. Ballard directed his remarks to this subject. He called attention to the Bok peace prize of \$100,000 offered to anyone who would submit a plan that would produce world peace. He asked, "What have we to do with a proposition of that character? What have we to do with the world and its peace problems?" And then he answered his own questions by saying, "We have much to do with the world and its affairs, not because of ambition which we have to become a world power, but because of the appointment of the Lord unto this people. We cannot separate ourselves from the world and its affairs." He then read from the first section of the Doctrine and Covenants from and including the 17th to the 24th verses, and also from the 133d section beginning with the 57th verse and ending with the 72nd inclusive. He called attention to the fact that there are three specific purposes which these scriptures leave upon the Church as binding obligations to the world; namely, proclaiming the gospel, working for the salvation of the dead, and perfecting the lives of the members of the Church and building them up in preparation to be the people worthy of the King of kings when he shall come.—EDITORS.]

Elder Ballard said:

As to Proclaiming the Gospel

I wish, with all earnestness, my brethren and sisters to direct your attention to the first obligation, the obligation of carrying the gospel to the world. I conceive our heavenly Father as deeply interested in all these, his children, but it was his way to commune with them through his chosen servant, the Prophet Joseph Smith. Knowing the calamity which was to come, and out of consideration for his children, he sent the warning voice, the message that was to be delivered by the angel whom John saw flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel for Earth's children crying: Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. That is the message the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is under obligation to carry to all the world. And as I have observed, the Lord gave, in connection with this warning, the fulness of the everlasting gospel, as the means of saving the world from the perils that were to come. I rejoice that so far as this obligation is concerned, we have been performing our duty acceptably, I believe, before the Lord, and yet the task is not completed. We have acted as if we were on serious business. We have not been indifferent towards the world, nor the delivery of this message. We believe that we have a vital message for all men. We know it, and we have acted as men who did believe it. From the time the first elders of the Church left their homes to begin this task, when their families and they were outcasts, when chills and fever were raging, the men themselves were

sick and had to be lifted up into the wagon, and as they were about to leave their loved ones, who were sick and afflicted and sorrowing, abiding in poor little hovels, temporary quarters, these exiles, gave three cheers for Zion, to raise their drooping spirits, and left, making these sacrifices, to cross the water to carry this message to the peoples of the old world, which the Lord has required of the Church. There have followed in their wake thousands of men and hundreds of women, and never a dearth of missionaries. We have never seen a time when we could not supply, generously, those needed to discharge this obligation to the world.

Nothing Ever Deterred the Elders From This Duty

In the time when gold was discovered in California, and the whole world was interested and thousands were coming westward to seek their fortunes, I suppose it was a matter of great surprise to the gold seeker to meet companies of "Mormon" missionaries going away from the gold, pushing their little hand-carts, with their few earthly belongings, to preach the gospel to the peoples of the old world. There has never been anything that has deterred the men of this Church from performing this sacred obligation. When I think of it, however, and recognize the fact that there are yet nations that have not heard the gospel, and the great war through which we have passed seems to me to have prepared in many places the way for delivering the message, I am concerned that we shall fulfil our obligation before the Lord, within the times he would like to have us do it; and, therefore, we are calling for more help. Great as our sacrifices and service have been, the labor is not yet completed, and it must go forward; we cannot stop now.

More Effort Asked in This Line

We are asking that there shall be more cooperation on the part of the Church members in helping to discharge this obligation. It is not the duty and task of the man who happens to have a son, to pay his way and to bear the whole burden. Of course he will have to make a sacrifice, the sacrifice of his son's time, and means to maintain him, but the burden of keeping these representatives in the field rests upon every member of the Church, and so there has been apportioned among the wards a certain number that each ward should have in the missionary field, and it is every man's duty, in the ward, to see that his representatives are in the field. It ought to be indeed a matter of regret, and I was going to say shame to any ward that would allow the representatives from that ward to come home because perchance their parents have exhausted their means and cannot go any further. The wards should rally to the help of their representatives and keep them in the missionary field, discharging the obligation that rests upon all of us.

How Funds May Be Obtained for This Purpose

Again, it is splendid to have missionary farewell parties. Sometimes, however, we have a very successful missionary party, a large sum is realized, but the missionary is to go to some nearby mission.

Then the next missionary farewell party is for one who is going to South Africa, or to Germany or elsewhere at a distance, and if it happens to be an unfavorable night, a small amount of money is contributed, not nearly sufficient to take him to his field of labor. We feel that the practice adopted by some stakes would be splendid if carried out elsewhere. Have your missionary farewell parties contribute liberally. Let the means, however, go into a fund in the ward from which the fare of your missionary to his field of labor, be it long or be it short, shall be paid, as the Church does in returning them, and let that fund be built up by the contributions of those who have never performed missionary service. There are men who could not go because of their own business affairs, or because of physical disabilities. It would be a splendid thing for every such man to give five dollars, ten dollars, fifteen dollars, or twenty-five dollars or more a month for two years to such a fund, from which these, our representatives, might be sent into the field and assist those in need to remain; for there are hundreds of young men in the Church today anxious to go, but their finances will not enable them to fully take care of themselves.

The Gospel the World's Hope

By a united effort and cooperative spirit we may continue this work acceptably to the Church and before the Lord. I feel earnest about it because I recognize that it is the world's hope. I recognize that there is no salvation for this generation except through the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I recognize that the Lord has required it at our hands, and that it has to be done and done speedily. The time may not be so definitely fixed that we know exactly how long it shall be, but it has to be done in the period of time known as the "times of the Gentiles." It will not last forever; the time will come when the Gentiles will close their doors and no longer wish the elders of this Church, when the wheat has been gathered. I expect to see that time, but when it does come I want our missionaries to be there in force, as a witness before God and all men that we have acquitted ourselves honorably and acceptably to the Lord, and that we are free from the responsibility that has been upon us, and that the obligation has been fully discharged. I believe that our heavenly Father is very much like an earthly father in some respects.

How Can the Children of God be Saved?

What can an earthly father do to save his disobedient boy or girl? He can plead with him, he can point out the way of danger

and the path of safety, just as our heavenly Father, seeing the course and the tendency of this generation, leading towards sorrow and distress, wanted to save men, and he gave the warning and the way to save them. So an earthly father can plead with his son or daughter, point out the danger, and the way of safety. He can say: "My boy, the course you are taking is going to lead you to bonds and imprisonment, to sorrow and to distress. Turn away from it. But, here is the path that will lead you to happiness, to success, to virtue, to prosperity. Take this path, my son." When a father has done that, he has nearly reached his limit. If his son takes the wrong course, wilfully disobeying his father and mother, that father cannot save his boy. The boy comes to bonds and imprisonment, as many are today doing, to pay the penalty of their transgression, with their own lives, or a life sentence. There are those who would give their lives to save these boys, but they cannot veto the sentence, they cannot set it aside; the law must have its way. Our heavenly Father can plead with his sons and his daughters, to abandon the course they are taking. He can point out the dangers, and he has always done that, whether it was in the days of Noah or now, it has been the same, he has had the same attitude towards his children, pointing out the danger, pleading with them to turn away from that danger, and pointing the path of safety and of success. But if men disregard it, even God cannot save them, because he is limited. He must himself obey law. He cannot save his sons and his daughters, only inasmuch as they repent. We have spoken about the time when Satan shall be bound, and will have no more power over the hearts of the children of men. How will he be bound? When all men turn away from him and cease to follow after him, so far as they are concerned, he will be bound. But do you know that we can bind the Lord also by our wickedness? By our own rebellion, we tie his hands, we make him helpless to save us, and he cannot do it except men will repent. That being true, recognizing that the children of men are in peril and are in danger, and the only hope—is in the hands of this people, and it is that which is known as the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ought we not to be active, ought we not to be anxious to bring to them the glad news that has brought us peace and salvation?

Results of the Rejection of the Gospel

I bear witness to you that following the rejection of the testimony of the servants of the Lord, there will be new witnesses raised up by the Lord—he himself has spoken of it—they shall be the thunder, the lightning, the earthquake, the perils by land and by sea, famine, plagues, and distress that shall naturally come. As you sow, so shall you reap. We do not want to have the world reap that kind of harvest. I have no delight in it, for I love the souls of the children of men.

Our Offering to Prevent Such Results

How can I help it? Thirteen years of my life have been spent in the mission field. How could I give that time for men without loving them? I do love them; yet I recognize that my love for them cannot save them. God's love for them cannot save them except they repent. Jesus himself, with all the love he had for the children of men, upon the Mount of Olives, wept over Jerusalem and said: "Oh, that thou wouldst have received the message. How I would have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens." But they would not. So, my brethren and sisters, I speak of our offering to the world with some degree of pride. If one hundred thousand dollars has been offered by one of our distinguished citizens in this country to produce a plan for world peace, we have offered the services of more than sixty thousand missionaries, and I have estimated, at a reasonable figure, the probable value of their time, and the money sent to them in the field and to take them there and bring them back, and this little handful of people have contributed, to bring peace to the world, more than two hundred millions of dollars in time, service and money. That is our offering, and we have not stopped offering yet. We are on serious business. We recognize that this is a stupendous task, for a little handful of people to perform, yet we have given our time and service freely, out of the love we have for the souls of the children of men.

The Gospel is the Message of Peace to the World

But we know as we know that we live, that this is the message of peace for this world. Measures, such as offered in the plans of men to bring peace to the world, may be good, they are undoubtedly steps toward the end, but I say to you, there is no plan to settle the world's troubles, only as it is found in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; and when men receive it and repent and are baptized and come under the influence of the Holy Ghost, and he becomes the common teacher of all men, he will never teach them to go to war with one another, but he will soften their hearts, take hatred out of their souls, and the spirit of repentance shall come, and love for their fellowmen shall abide. All the plans of men cannot duplicate this system of our God.

Our Mission to Win the World for Christ

I have no fear for schism and division of this Church, over the questions on doctrine that are arising in other churches. Or whether modernism or fundamentalism shall ever be a question among us—fundamental things in this Church have clearly been established from the beginning. And we have continuous revelation that will settle all such questions. We are founded upon the truth, that God lives, a real being, our Father, that Jesus Christ is his son, the Only Begotten in the flesh, the Firstborn in the spirit, the literal Son of God, and

the only Savior of mankind. I know it as well as I know that I live; you know it; and we are to tell the world of it and try to win the world for Christ. Oh, that we could tell all men! Oh, that these amplifiers could carry today the message to the ears of all flesh, that God has spoken, and in an age of the world's dire peril, he has extended his helping hand to save them, and if they will but repent and receive the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, they shall find salvation here and hereafter. May the message be carried forward and reach all flesh; and blessing and honor shall be upon every man and every woman who thus contributes to this noble world cause. May it eventually prevail, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

O girl of mine—my heart is dull with wonder,
And days go by with blinding tears undried,
Since that dark hour when we were snatched asunder,
And I am left to wonder why you died.

My little one to me so full confided,
To shun my day and fill my every need,
Your childish steps by mine so gladly guided
And now 'tis I who grope and you must lead.

No idol I, nor have I heart to reason,
Nor words have I to frame in epigram,
With your sweet life gone out before its season,
I only know how hurt and stunned I am.

I have not courted laurel nor dominion,
Nor fuller pride than love like yours could bring,
And now your arms are loosed that used to pinion,
And baby fingers stilled that used to cling.

Yes, loosed and stilled yet guiding us the stronger,
For over all your precious star will shine,
And though the days are grey and lone and longer,
I know your little hands will steady mine.

O little heart, lead on, through years belating,
Dear little shrine with oracle so true;
For over there the best of all is waiting,
When your dear steps shall lead us on to you!

YOUR CALL AND MY CALL

BY WAYNE C. GARDNER

Your America and mine is a heritage of the past, purchased through effort, through blood, and through vision. It is our birth-right made possible by those who labored, sacrificed and served. It is rich in history, immeasurable in value and promising in possibilities. In contemplating this heritage we must honor the heroes who answered the call of the past, and prepare ourselves to answer the call of today.

With reverence we must pronounce the name of the immortal Washington, the hero of Valley Forge, and founder of our nation, the Father of our Country. We honor him for his character, his service, and for his achievements. These attainments embody not only service to his fellowmen, but also spiritual leadership of the highest order. Washington answered the call of this country, and the principles that made him succeed are necessary today if we would hope to succeed.

His genius was found not in physical power, neither was it couched in intellectual integrity. Often both of these were taxed beyond their ability to master. But the greatness of our hero is manifest in his hours of adversity; the winter at Valley Forge and the dark, uncertain days that gave us the Constitution and the stability of our now powerful nation. In these scenes both the physical man and the sheer intellectual failed to meet the direct need. Then the great characteristic that made Washington the leader, the diplomat, and the man, became evident. It was his spirituality that ever reached out and found response.

Just as Washington needed the humbling but reinforcing influence of spirituality, so do you and I need it, that we may face the world squarely and "carry on." Washington's Valley Forge of '76, was a test of the spiritual man. He overcame the obstacles and brought about our national heritage. We have our Valley Forges and it is for us to meet and solve the problems of today, thereby perpetuating our heritage.

America's call is just as insistent and just as important now as it ever has been, for there is a clear, forceful call for social leaders, leaders who can make safe for us the heritage bequeathed by our ancestors and held secure by the blood of war.

Your call and my call is expressed in the immortal words of Lincoln in the latter part of his Gettysburg Address:

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us."

Truly there is a great task before us. Too much prosperity has made us self-sufficient and materialistic. "We go to the devil with full pockets and the Lord with empty ones." There is a great need of subordinating material interests for spiritual interests.

Our nation is too tightly held by error for truth to win out easily. It has been remarked that the best sign of the possession of wisdom is to profit by the past. Your call and my call, is to subordinate material interests for spiritual interests. There must be more love of God and less love of gold in our nation and in our hearts.

Spiritual illiteracy is the forerunner of moral bankruptcy and national decay. When in our hearts Belshazzar-like we say, "Is this not Babylon that we have builded?" then there is a need for the hand-writing on the wall. The modern interpretation of the hand-writing was ably voiced by President Coolidge when he said, "The thing this nation needs most is a proper spiritual conception of human relationships."

To protect our nation's welfare we must recognize our duties to ourselves, our fellowmen and our God. But salvation does not come by a mere recognition of duty; it can be gained only by answering the call to active spiritual leadership. America, our heritage, is today what she is because of the spirituality of the past.

A lip service to democracy will not save us from the consequences of a false reading of the principles underlying democratic government. It is quite true that no individual lives to himself alone in a democracy; but rather he must live with people, and for people.

One author has said, "We are living in a fool's paradise if we imagine for a moment that a democracy can run itself, that it can be successful if we are afraid to think straight and to act according to convictions arrived at after the severest kind of straight thinking."

We have been warned by the President and leader of our nation, and it is for us, as American citizens, to meet our present day problems. Your call and my call is to active spiritual leadership. So long as there is a nation, there will be problems for its members. It would be sad indeed if it were not so. Our national birth was brought about by a struggle for freedom. Ever since, we have been proclaiming it, cherishing it, and singing of it. Our every law is designed with the view of making men free. It remains for us to maintain this freedom. America, our heritage, is today what she is because of the spirituality of the past. That has been the ladder by which the America of the past has climbed to success. It is a call to you and to me to accept and climb higher, and may we not forget the spiritual foundation upon which all permanent prosperity, joy and success are based.

St. George, Utah.



There is a divine majesty in trees

INSPIRATION FROM TREES

BY LAVAL S. MORRIS, INSTRUCTOR IN HORTICULTURE,
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

We are fortunate creatures in that the Creator gave us emotions to enjoy roses and sunflowers, and golden sunsets and trees. Lower animals do not enjoy beautiful things. Did you ever see a dog or a cat stop to look at a mellow moon? Did you ever see a horse or cow marvel at the sight of a flaming sunset? And did you ever fail to experience a pleasant emotion upon the sight of that which is beautiful? To thrill at the sight of beautiful things is to be inspired, which means a broader life and more happiness.

Possibly trees have been the cause of more inspiration, of more poetry and other literature, with a goodly supply of happiness, than anything else. Wordsworth's soul must have been bubbling over with inspiration when he wrote:

"One impulse from the vernal wood
Can teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

It seems that peace, wisdom and inspiration radiate from the solitude of the woods with a touch of divinity. It seems that the soul of one seeking solitude for study, thought and consolation is rewarded by youthful buoyancy, impossible to describe, from the quiet nooks of the forest. It seems there is a majesty in trees, placed there by God, that imparts itself to the lover of nature. But like other phases of his designs, *that majesty*, is indefinable; it cannot be handled by science;

it can be experienced only by human emotions, by the projection of the human soul; it is transcendental.

Shakespeare puts it:

"And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

About eighteen hundred and ninety-four years ago Christ went into the solitude and, in this abode of worship, stayed many days. He must have made frequent visits to the forests for thought, study and revelations. Jesus Christ has given us more information concerning the human soul and about happiness than possibly all other men combined. The favorite place of solitude is in the woods.

Joseph Smith went among the trees to look into the mirror of wisdom and inspiration, and his reward is inestimable. We are experiencing the reward; we are enjoying the happiness he purchased for us; our hearts are lighter and our minds are more free than if we were lacking the information he gave to us and which he received while among the trees of the Sacred Grove. At the Brigham Young University is a grove of trees, standing in memory of the Sacred Grove. To the thoughtful mind this small grove, at the south side of the campus, awakens reverence and keeps burning the solemn memory of what happened to establish the Latter-day Saint Church.

What can be more delightful and invigorating than a walk through the woods? Henry David Thoreau, often wrongly branded as an iconoclast and atheist, did most of his writing in the woods. John Burrows said of Mr. Thoreau, "The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house he did no writing at all." Mr. Thoreau says, "Instead of calling on some scholar, I paid my visits to particular trees." Later, when writing about "Higher Laws," he states, "No human being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood, will wantonly murder any creature, which holds its life by the same tenure that he does. The hare in its extremity cries like a child. To kill, is oftenest the young man's introduction to the forest, and the most original part of himself. He goes thither at first as a hunter and fisher until at last, if he has the seed of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist, it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind."

Thank God, that to some extent, we are beginning to hunt more with kodaks and proportionately allowing our fire arms to rust and be forgotten. Will it not be another sign of heaven when we cease to shoot the quail, the morning dove and the grouse? Will it not be the fulfilment of prophecy when wild birds will flutter from the trees and alight upon our outstretched hands? Is it not more Christian-like to throw the hungry quail, in winter time, a handful of wheat, rather than a discharge of shot? Will it not be more thrilling to go into the mountains and forests, and talk to the birds, the chipmunks and deer, with the softened voice of nature rather than with the murderous voice

of a gun? You may wonder what all this has to do with trees: It is the song of the trees. It is the song that was sung to Mr. Thoreau. It is the song that anyone can hear when one ponders and listens for



Left: A Giant Redwood; right: Trees enhancing a pool

a moment, among the trees. May I not say that it is the voice of God humming a lullaby to the babies in the forest?

The poet Kendall hears a beautiful song, of a different type, among the trees of an Australian forest, while visiting the humble dwelling of some shingle-splitters. He records it thus:

“What, though our work be heavy, we shirk
 From nothing beneath the sun;
 And toil is sweet to those who can eat
 And rest when the day is done.
 In the Sabbath-time we hear no chime
 No sound of the Sunday bells;
 But yet Heaven smiles on the forest aisles
 And God in the woodland dwells.
 We listen to notes from the million throats
 Of chorister birds on high;
 Our psalm is the breeze in the lordly trees
 And our dome is the broad blue sky.
 Oh, a brave frank life, unsmitten by strife,
 We live wherever we roam,

What can be more recreational than to camp in the woods, in the mountains, by some splashing stream, where sweet redolence permeates every breath of air? That is where Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Parker

of "An American Idyll" spent their honeymoon. What is more inspirational than to sit in reverie or thought under the branches of some quiet tree? Again John Burroughs says "The shy mystical genius of Hawthorne was never more at home than when in the woods."

What can have a higher motive than to plant a tree, with a wish that its beauty will soothe the tired eyes of some friend, or its cooling shade cast freshness on him who stops to rest. May I here use the words of Washington Irving?

"He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields. Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations of trees to lift the thoughts above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities from the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery, that enters into the soul and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclination."

Even the heart of a soldier might be filled with noble inclinations and touched with buoyancy, by the serene and settled majesty of which Mr. Irving speaks. The writer well remembers traveling as a soldier with friends who were also soldiers, across one of California's great landscapes, more accurately described as a desert. It was hot and dusty. Our large trucks seemed to boil with anger. Our soldiers did likewise and the reaction was not at all poetic. But finally we saw trees in the distance, subconsciously the unpoetic reaction lulled and died. Even the machines seemed to purr as we entered the Calaveras Big Tree Forest, in eastern California. The soldiers drank of the delight of the trees; pernicious remarks had softened, and then army songs mingled with the murmur of the forest. The reaction took place unconsciously, no one exhaled his gratitude to the trees for casting a cool shade and radiating beauty that "dilates and elevates the soul."

Some of the giant trees in this forest told an interesting story. So mystical, beautiful and courageous was their story that perhaps I shall confuse some of the words. The first word is insignificance: One feels like an impotent speck overshadowed by a giant that has stretched its arms skyward for 4,500 years. It is known that many of these monsters of the forest have attained the age of from four to five thousand years. They stretch up and up as if to grow and climb forever. Many of the trees were ninety-five feet in circumference while eighty-five feet was common. Another word that seemed to float from these masters of age is courage: For centuries have angry winds torn through the tops and side branches as if to seek vengeance for an uncommitted sin, by devastating that which towers above its fellows. Branches the size of an ordinary tree have been crashed from

the mother and hurled to the ground with contumely. Streaks of lightning have shot malicious darts of destruction at these monuments of courage, until in places they are splintered and shredded. Insects and fungi have attacked the wounds until the very hearts of some of the trees have been destroyed. But still growing, still towering, still breathing delight and inspiration they sing their song of courage. A few of the older trees whisper "Melancholy." Occasionally one of the less fortunate members totters in the wind, sways and crashes mightily, inexorably to the earth. Friend or enemy in the way is treated alike, all are demolished under the stroke of death. But this is not the saddest part—there are no young red woods in this particular forest to take the place of their fallen parents. Slowly but surely the *Sequoia gigantea* are passing.

If you would have mystery, go out to the trees. Every leaf is a mystery; every fruit blushes with mystery. The writer is reminded of hearing Dr. J. E. Talmage speak at the Utah Agricultural College, about a certain materialistic friend in the East. The friend had remarked that he wanted nothing to do with things that he could not explain and understand. It happened that this materialistic friend, a chemist, was preparing to eat a large, luscious peach which he held in his hand.

"Now," said Dr. Talmage, "you are a chemist and must understand everything, before you have anything to do with it; before you bite into that peach, kindly explain all the chemical reactions that took place in the formation of the young peach and in the ripening processes." The poor chemist's mouth watered for nothing.

If you would entertain yourself for a few hours try to find two leaves on the same tree, or on different trees, that are identically the same in every respect. If you would become rich quick, look upon a leaf and explain accurately how starch and sugar are made therein; for leaves of plants are the only economical manufacturers of these foods, in the world. A chemist cannot make starch, he can only extract it from a tree or other plant.

If you would pay trees their just tribute, then thrill every time you see one, and remember Joyce Kilmer's words:

"Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree."

Provo, Utah

As a Tree by the Waters

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." (Jer. 17:7, 8.)

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

BY WM. H. PETERSON

Lynn Wallace and Dan Watson were eating delicious cherry chocolates.

"A nickle a trickle," exclaimed Dan, holding a large piece of candy in the position of a person drinking soda water.

Lynn looked at his companion doubtfully. To him cherry chocolates were as rare as a day in June. He tasted daintily of the delicious morsel. Its rich flavor tempted him to cram the whole piece into his mouth—but he hesitated. He wanted to eat that chocolate with all his might and enjoy it. Why didn't he? There were two reasons. In the first place his father did not believe in spending much money for expensive candy; and in the second, Lynn had a presentiment that the candy had not been bought with honest-earned money.

"Eat and be happy, for tomorrow we'll be broke," continued Dan, who noticed that Lynn was not eating with any great degree of eagerness.

"Not broke, I hope," exclaimed Lynn, thrusting his hand into his trouser pocket.

Dan looked at Lynn, and there was an expression of trickery in his eyes as he said in a low voice, "Maybe you're not; I will be, but what's the difference? It's easy to get some more."

Lynn was thinking of the money he was holding tightly in his pocket, when a little black cat crawled out from under a high board fence. The boys were walking leisurely along on their way home from school, but when the cat appeared both jumped into a run. Lynn was the best runner; he caught the cat. Hissing and exploding like an over-heated Ford engine, the frightened little animal lay on its back in the boy's hands.

"You little spitfire!" exclaimed Lynn, "you are a wild cat. Look, Dan, look at his eyes sparkle! How would you like to have him tickle your nose with his long whiskers?"

Dan looked spitefully at the cat. "He would not do it more than once," he said between his teeth.

"There, there," went on Lynn, softly rubbing the kitten's glossy, black fur. "You're frightened out of your wits, aren't you?" The cat struggled to free itself. "Want to get away? All right, I'll put you down. There, you go!" The kind hearted boy placed the little animal on the ground.

At that moment, however, freedom was not the best thing for the kitten. It stood still on the sidewalk for a moment as if making ready for a leap to the top of the fence. Just as it was ready to

jump, something unexpected happened. Dan sprang forward. His foot shot out with the speed of an ax-stroke, struck the helpless animal and hurled it high into the air. It fell to the ground on the opposite side of the high board fence.

For a moment Lynn was so surprised he could say nothing. To mistreat a dumb animal was to him one of the most wicked things a boy could do. His mother's words, "Always be kind to birds and beasts," came to his mind, and he looked his playmate square in the face and exclaimed: "You wouldn't want your mother to see you do that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Dan, watching the cat limp slowly away. "You can't hurt a cat; it has nine lives. Why, you can't make a cat fall on its back. I've tried it lots of times. Besides, you don't want to be a sissy. Come on, let's go home."

During the remainder of the journey homeward very few words passed between the boys. It was as if a great barrier had come between them.

At the Wallace home something was wrong. Mrs. Parry, the neighbor woman, was calling. She stood before the front door and hesitated about entering. She was thinking to herself that Lynn Wallace had always appeared to be an honest, intelligent boy, and it was with feelings of regret that she suspected him of wrong-doing.

"What shall I do?" she thought, resting her hand on the door-bell. "Mr. Wallace should know, and yet, I cannot believe it. The boy is honest. I know he—that is—I think he is—"

While she was deciding what to do, the door opened and Mr. Wallace exclaimed: "Come right in, Mrs. Parry, glad to see you."

Mr. Frank L. Wallace, prominent church supporter, financier, and city councilman, prided himself on having well-behaved, intelligent children. When an important business meeting of the church was held, he was usually one of the speakers; when a land deal or some financial transaction was up for consideration his advice was always asked; when the city authorities proposed any improvement his advice usually decided the matter, and his family was always referred to as one of the model families of the community. He was born a leader. In his home his word was law. His wife and children gladly accepted his advice, because he governed his home in love and wisdom. His well-regulated home was a source of great satisfaction to him, and he often spoke of his beautiful, talented wife and obedient children.

Slowly and nervously Mrs. Parry told her story. It cut deep into Mr. Wallace's pride, and he was so pained by the information she imparted that it was several moments before he could gain control of his emotions enough to speak.

"You mean to say that my son has committed a theft?" he asked brokenly.

"I'm sorry," began Mrs. Parry.

The grieved father interrupted her. "That doesn't help matters. Where is he? Where is my boy? Laura, Laura," he called. Mrs. Wallace came in from the kitchen. "Do you know," he continued, "that our boy is accused of stealing?"

Mrs. Wallace covered her face with her handkerchief and broke into tears. "Don't cry, dear," said the kind husband, taking his wife in his arms and partly calming himself. "The deed is done, and weeping can be of no avail. God knows that we would make any honorable sacrifice to amend it."

In a distracted frame of mind Mrs. Parry left the Wallace home. At the gate she met the accused boy and his friend, Dan.

"How do you do?" said Lynn, raising his hat.

Mrs. Parry did not answer. There was a troubled expression on her face, and Lynn thought he could see traces of tears.

"Is anything wrong?" he exclaimed. "Can Dan and I help you?" in his wholehearted, unselfish way he offered the services of himself and companion. His companion was not so considerate. He was walking rapidly up the street. It seemed that he wanted to get away from someone.

Mrs. Parry managed to thank the sympathetic boy for his offered assistance and explain that she was quite well. "I can't understand why a boy like Lynn Wallace would do such a thing," she thought as she hurried away.

There was something Lynn Wallace couldn't understand, too. Why did Mrs. Parry act so strangely? Why did Dan walk off as if he did not want to meet Mrs. Parry? All unconscious of the accusation that was being made against him, he picked up his baby brother, who was running to meet him, and began to play with him.

"Play horse with me," cried the child. Lynn tied his handkerchief to the baby's arm and shouted, "getup," in a manly tone of voice. Away they went. They were just turning the corner of the house when Mr. Wallace called them in.

The scene that followed was a trying one, not only for Lynn, but for his mother and father as well. Grieved by the thought that his son would commit a theft, the zealous father felt that the best thing to do was to get his boy to confess the wrong he had done, and then have him ask Mrs. Parry's forgiveness. He could hardly believe that Lynn would do the thing he was accused of, and yet, Mrs. Parry was so positive in her statements. She must be right. With the mother it was different. In spite of the evidence that her son was a thief, deep down in her heart she believed him innocent. This accusation made against her boy, cut deep into her tender soul and left a cruel, aching wound. And the boy who hesitated about eating expensive candy, who remembered his mother's counsel about being kind to birds, and who loved to play with his little brother, could not under-

stand what was troubling his father and mother.

"Lynn," began Mr. Wallace, "Mrs. Parry's five White Leghorns are missing."

"I saw them yesterday when——"

"Stop," cried the father. "If you knew so much about them yesterday, where are they today?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know. Think what you say. I'd rather lose my right hand than learn that you, my son, would do the deed you are accused of and then tell a falsehood to shield yourself."

"Why father!" gasped the astonished boy. "I don't understand."

"Have you any money," questioned Mr. Wallace.

"I—I'd rather not say."

"You have, I know you have. Give it to me."

Reluctantly the agitated boy drew his little black purse from his pocket and gave it to his father, who emptied its contents, five dimes, on the table. Where had the money come from? The father's voice trembled as he asked:

"Did you take five chickens to the Burton Hotel this afternoon?"

Lynn did not answer. He began to understand. Mrs. Parry's chickens were gone, and the evidence seemed to point to him as the thief. The misunderstood lad looked from his father to his weeping mother, and his strength seemed to give way. Sick at heart he sank into a chair.

"Speak," demanded the father, pointing a trembling finger at the boy, "and tell the truth!"

"Yes," Lynn faltered. "I took some chickens to the Burton Hotel this afternoon."

"I can't believe it," exclaimed Mr. Wallace. "You took—— You *STOLE* the chickens. How could you do it? Go confess the wrong you have done; go to Mrs. Parry and ask for forgiveness; offer to work for her to pay for the loss of her chickens; and your mother and I will do what we can to make amends."

The boy wanted to defend himself, but he seemed powerless to do so. Somehow, possibly because he had always obeyed his father, he felt that the only thing to do was to comply with his father's request. "I will go," he stammered. Hardly knowing how to proceed to clear up the situation and prove his innocence, he went to Mrs. Parry's home, knocked and was admitted.

"I have come to ask you to——"

"Don't," interrupted Mrs. Parry, struggling to hold back the tears. "I know you aren't guilty, so why have you come?"

"I have come to see you because father thinks I have stolen your chickens."

"If your father and I had only known the truth, you would not be here trying to make amends for another boy's wickedness."

"Do you mean it?" cried Lynn eagerly. "You don't think I am guilty?"

"Guilty! Knowing your character I just could not believe it of you. Circumstantial evidence seemed to prove that you did. I have been busy since I talked with your father, and I have cleared up a few things. You come with me, I want to have another talk with your parents."

Willingly the relieved boy went with Mrs. Parry. How changed the world was! The boy felt as if a great weight had suddenly been taken from his shoulders. Before he entered his neighbor's home he was sad, and everything about him was depressing and gloomy. The occasional chirp of a bird, which before seemed to be a disconsolate complaint because the day was over and night had come, now seemed to be a contented thanksgiving for peaceful rest after the heat and toil of the day. The moon, which before seemed to throw its pale, ghastly light in a miserable attempt to light the boy's way, was now lustrous and beautiful. As he walked homeward, he could hear music in the air, and all about him he could hear and feel a beautiful harmony.

Mr. Wallace was surprised to see Mrs. Parry return with her son. "I hope Lynn has done what he promised to do," he said.

"Your son has gone through a trying ordeal. He—"

"Let us not sympathize with him in wrong doing," interrupted the father.

"Don't be too sure that your son has done wrong, my good neighbor. We all make mistakes."

"You are Lynn's accuser. What do you mean?"

"When I came to your home this afternoon," replied Mrs. Parry, "the evidence I had been able to gather seemed to prove conclusively that your son had stolen my chickens. While thinking the matter over this afternoon certain acts of Dan Watson's came to my mind, and I began to think that possibly he had committed the deed. I went to him. He denied knowing anything about it, but hinted that your son had sold some chickens to the Burton Hotel. I immediately called up Mr. Burton. 'Yes,' he said, 'Mr. Wallace's boy brought me five chickens this afternoon.'"

"Wait," exclaimed Mr. Wallace, "where did you get those chickens?"

"From Dan Watson," replied the boy.

"How?"

"As I was coming out of the school house this afternoon," explained Lynn, "I met Dan. He was carrying a basket and seemed to be in a hurry. He told me that he had several things to do, and if I would help him he would buy some cherry chocolates. I told him I would. He gave me his basket, which contained five chickens, and told me to deliver them to the Burton Hotel. I did not ask him any questions, but did as he said. On the way back I met him, and he

bought a very large box of candy for the money. I didn't like to see him spend so much money in that way, but he would not listen to me."

Mr. Wallace began to understand his awful mistake. His son was innocent. "I have been unfatherly," he thought, "I have accused my boy before I really knew."

"Can it be possible that we have made a dreadful mistake?" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Parry rose and went toward the door. "Your son tells the truth," she said. "Dan Watson confessed to his mother that he had taken the chickens. She called me over the telephone not over a half an hour ago and explained the whole situation to me. Your son is innocent and you ought to be proud of him. I would get down on my knees and thank God for such a boy." So saying she left the room.

Tears sprang to the father's eyes. For several moments he gazed in silence upon his son as if there was yet something he could not understand. Finally he said, "the money—there on the table—those five dimes, where did you get them?"

"I have been saving my picture-show money," replied the boy.

"You have saved this money by staying home from the picture-show?" questioned the father.

"Yes," was the reply.

A pause followed. Lynn wanted to say something to his father, but he did not know how to say it. "Do you know what day it is today?" he asked.

"Friday, May 7, 1922," was the reply.

"Yes," said the boy, "and your birthday."

"Then the money was for my—" A great lump rose in his throat and he could say no more.

A full hour passed and neither father nor son spoke. The bright moon rose to its zenith, and in its warm mellow light the father extended his arms and cried out in exquisite joy, "My son! my son!"

Manti, Utah.

Could We But Know

Could we but see the pleasures strewn before,
We might, while dreaming of the bliss in store,
Awake to find, beyond our rust-locked door,

They'd passed us by.

Could we but see the sorrows just ahead,
We would not dare our destined paths to tread
But, shrinking, pray in sickly fear and dread

That we might die.

That joys come unexpected through the years,
That we know naught of future doubts or fears,
That we are spared today tomorrow's tears,

Thank the Most High!

RUTH B. MUSSER

THE SPENDERS

BY H. L. JOHNSTON

If gold lay as thick as pebbles in a brook, few would stop to pick it up. But gold is not so redundant, and there must be an effort and desire on your part to gain a little for your own. The more sweat accumulating on your brow, the longer you wait, the more it is enhanced in your eyes after you get it.

The normal man values a thing by the effort put forth in gaining it. If a man gets something for nothing, it holds very little value in his eyes, he has made no sacrifice, no exertion in getting it. It comes easy, and goes the same way.

They call the men and women who inherit vast fortunes and spend it in wild living, wasters. These spenders, who never earned a dollar in their lives, are not to be blamed so much. They don't know any better. Money means nothing to them. They never sweat in an endeavor to acquire any. All their lives they have been taught to spend. There was always plenty of money, and when they spent what was in their pockets, they could always get more for the asking. They were never taught the value of a dollar. To them, money was like the pebbles in the brook, with the difference, that they didn't have to stoop to pick it up—doting fathers and mothers did the stooping for them. Father, or grandfather had done all the sweating there was to do. "Easy come, easy go," that's what the spenders say; they who never learned to appreciate what they had never earned.

Of course, it is gratifying to parents to be able to respond to the desires of their children, but it is worse than cruel to give them all they ask for. Our children may be loaded down with gifts which give them no pleasure, because they have no desire for them.

Nature has a way of educating our desires. Nature makes us wait. Nature teaches us patience, and when we want things a long time before we get them, the chances are, that when we do get them, we will know how to appreciate and take care of them. If we wait long enough, work hard enough, we will value what we get for our trouble well enough that we will never be classed as spenders. Every effort put forth in the endeavor to gain our desires; if they are worthy ones, helps to strengthen and build our characters as young men and women. The man and wife who work hard to build a home will have more happiness when they move into it, far more, than if it had been given to them without an effort or desire on their part.

When parents give their children everything they ask for, they are weakening the power of desire and gratification. A child gains more pleasure out of a dime his father gives him for spading the garden than the son of a rich man would get from the present of a thousand dollars and has done nothing to earn it.

Who make the best students? The boys and girls who are com-

pelled to make their own way by their own efforts. When there is nobody behind them supplying the money, necessity gives them a training in business which is their greatest asset. They are called upon to make sacrifices, and if there is anything in this world that makes for character it is sacrifice. They look trouble in the face and struggle along knowing that it will not always be that way.

The boy and girl with a high ideal calling for a lot of hard work and sacrifice to attain will surely succeed.

There is a lot of hard work connected with making a garden. When the ground is ready and the tiny seeds planted there comes a period of waiting, but there is a reward in sight. The harvest will surely be gathered. Think, then, of the happiness and gratification your summer's work has given you. You started the garden with an ideal and a promise. Faith in the promise of the tiny seeds—ideal in the bumper crop, all brought about through sacrifice and the sweat of your brow.

A home is started. The husband and wife come from families where unselfishness and sacrifice rules. The husband toils and his wife schemes to help him in every possible way. Such a couple are bound to win. When they have won, they look back over the past and smile at the ingenious methods devised by them in keeping the wolf from the door.

A poor man marries a girl from an overindulgent family. She has been pampered and money lavished on her. If she hasn't a level head and uses it to help her husband, she will perhaps have seven or eight charge accounts and will throw a bigger fortune out the back door with a teaspoon than her husband can shovel in at the front door with a scoop shovel. She spends his money freely, because the money comes to her without effort on her part. It isn't the sweat of her brow that makes the money. It is the effort of her overworked husband.

Don't blame the spenders, entirely. They have never been educated in a way to teach them any better. There is a lot of truth in the old saying: "Easy come; easy go."

Tobar, Nevada

I Linger, But I Know

Sometimes I love to linger

At the close of a busy day,

And dream of the beauty and promise

Of the years that are far away.

The great world stretches before me,

Like a field fair and wide,

Where joys may be had for the seeking

Where never a wish is denied.

But I know these are dreams only

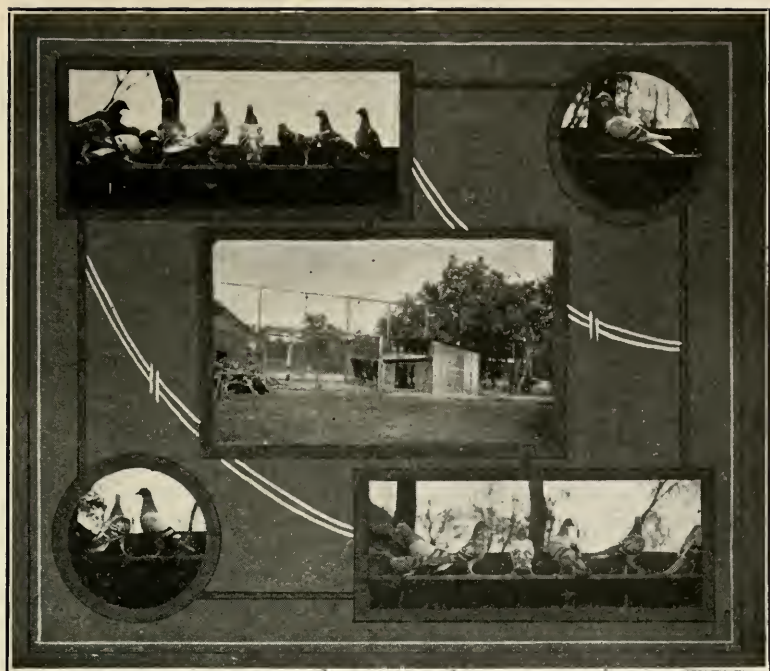
And that always, day by day,

I must strive, and plan, and labor,

And love, and hope and pray.

San Diego, Cal.

DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF



OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

BY MARK K. ALLEN

Among the general public, it is thought that the pigeons used for carrying messages are carrier pigeons. This is a mistake. There is a pigeon called the carrier pigeon extant today, but it is not a homing pigeon. The carrier pigeons of today are large, fancy, show birds, and can fly no better than any other pigeon.

The birds we are to discuss are those that are known as the racing, or flying homer pigeons. These birds were bred for their flying and homing abilities by the Belgians. The original flying homers were bred from two species of pigeons, one known as the Cumulet and the other as the English Dragoon. By selecting the birds with the greatest flying and homing ability and crossing and re-crossing them for many generations, our present day racing homer pigeon strains have been developed.

Racing homer pigeons are of all colors, but the majority are blue. They are very beautiful. All good birds have fine, stately figures; the sheen around the neck reveals many colors when the sun-light falls upon it; the majority of homers are of a sky-blue color with the

exception of two well marked black bars across the central part of each wing. Homers are always on the alert, and by the quickness of their movements show the strength that is potential within their sturdy little bodies. They are very scrupulous about keeping themselves clean; they will bathe every day if water is available.

The habits of racing homer pigeons around their home are very interesting. Homers are born fighters. The quarrelsome nature of these birds seems to be an essential part of the make up of such toilers and strugglers as they are. Before the young pigeons are out of the nest, their fighting instincts are manifest; and ever after they leave the nest, they will fight every other bird except their mates whenever it comes within striking distance. I have known two male birds to fight over a nesting place until neither was able to fly from the ground.

Pigeons will nest almost any place there is room to make a small pile of straw or sticks. I have seen some nest on the floor directly in front of the door of the coop. They are very careless in the construction of their nests but they are very particular about having their rude structures disturbed. Pigeons will stand to have their eggs and even their young exchanged, but it is practically impossible to move one of their nests the short distance of six inches without having it deserted.

Pigeons mate when they are about five months old. Two eggs are laid in three days, but the female bird knows her business and does not keep the first egg warm until the second is laid—if she did the young would not have an equal start in their race for existence. The period of incubation is seventeen days. It is interesting to note that on the very day the young are to hatch, a milk, which consists merely of partly digested grain, forms in the crops of the parent birds. This milk is fed to the young in this manner: the infant bird slips its bill in at the side of the old bird's mouth and the old bird proceeds to cough the food up. The milk is fed to the young for about seven days, all of which time the food becomes coarser until whole grain is fed.

Responsibility gives pigeons courage just as it does humans. I once had a very timid female homer who was more frightened of me than were any of the other birds in my loft. As time went on, this little bird mated up and began real life. As soon as she laid her eggs, to my surprise, she didn't fly from me any more. Now she was defiant, and fearless. I put my hand up to her while she was on her nest; the new mother flew at it terrifically. I threw her off the nest but she immediately flew back and resumed her fight for that which she loved and for that for which she was responsible.

When the young pigeon in the nest is about ten days old, a seamless registration ring is placed upon its leg. On the ring is a registration number and the year in which the bird is born. As the bird grows in the next few weeks its foot becomes large enough to hold the band on, and then the band is there for the rest of the pigeon's

life. Seamless leg-bands are valuable in that they help in keeping pedigrees, in that they help prevent theft, and in that they are a good means of identification.

The young bird upon leaving the nest, about four weeks after hatching, must be taught first to go out and fly around its home. If there are older birds for the young to fly with it is not difficult to teach the young that you expect them to take a regular flight of about an hour each day. After a few weeks of home training the youngsters become fairly familiar with the environment of their home. During this period of home training the youngsters are learning to "trap" well. The trap consists of any sort of a wire gate through which the birds can force their entrance into the coop. The best type of trap is that which consists of a few wires hanging from a rod and falling against the bottom of a small door thus making it possible for the birds to put their heads between the wires and force their way in but impossible to find their way back through the wires. After some training, the birds learn to go through the trap as if there were no wires.

After the young birds have become well acquainted with the environment and with how to trap (by this time they will have already learned that as soon as they have completed their daily exercising their food has been thrown out and is being hastily consumed by the other birds all the time they are waiting outside), they can be taken away for a few blocks for their first return flight. According to how well they make their first attempt can the distance of their next flight be regulated. Under this kind of training, the youngsters soon grasp the idea of what is expected of them and then they may be taken a few miles away, a little farther each time—say, from three miles to five, from five to eight, from eight to twelve, and so on until they are able to home successfully from a station anywhere from a hundred miles to five hundred or even a thousand miles from home. Of course, by this time the birds have learned that it pays to come into the coop as soon as they arrive from a flight, since food is always left for them and since they have been taken away when they have been hungry.

We have thus far considered the history, the habits, and the training of the racing homer pigeon. We shall now look into some of the accomplishments of our feathered friends.

The flying homer pigeon fancy was well founded in Belgium and England long before there were many homers in this country, but today the fancy has become more extensive in this country than in any part of the old world. Long distance flying has reached its apex in the United States. Over fifteen hundred birds were shipped to Rome from England and Belgium. Possibly due to the awkwardness of the route, the first bird, which was from England, did not home for thirty-three days; the distance was a little more than a thousand miles.

In the United States many long distance flights are staged, perhaps for the mere novelty. The world's record long distance flight was

made by a bird that flew from Denver, Colorado, to Springfield, Massachusetts, a distance of about seventeen hundred miles.

The very long races or flights are not the most interesting to most American fanciers. The most popular flight is perhaps the five hundred mile. Many of the fanciers of the East consider a bird that is unable to make a flight of five hundred miles in a day not worth feeding. The world's record flight for a day was made during the latter part of the nineteenth century by a bird that flew seven hundred miles in a single day. One thousand mile flights have been flown in two days.

It is not uncommon for a racing homer pigeon to make a flight of two hundred miles and make an average speed of more than a mile a minute. One of the writer's birds flew from Salt Lake City to Provo and made an average speed of fifty-four miles an hour.

Mountains and storms are handicaps to the flight of pigeons but they are not barriers. A basket of homers was sent from Provo to bring the returns of the state tennis tournament at Salt Lake City. At the hour the games were to be played one evening, the weather was too unfavorable and the games were postponed. A message was tied to the leg of one of the pigeons and the bird was released even though the rain was drizzling. Just as it was turning night, the bird with the message arrived at Provo in the rain and darkness.

Another bird was sent from Provo to Strawberry Valley, a distance of practically sixty miles all of which is mountainous. This bird made its return flight to Provo in two hours.

Three years ago the writer obtained a bird from Philadelphia. After a few months, the bird became accustomed to its new home and seemed willing to return to its new home whenever it was taken away for a short flight. After considerable training, this bird made a successful flight from Preston, Idaho, to Provo, a distance of one hundred and eighty-five miles. A few months after this bird made the flight from Idaho, it was sold to a man in Storrs, Utah, a town about ninety miles southeast of Provo. Even though the entire distance between Provo and Storrs is very rough, the little bird was determined to have its old home in Provo, which it proceeded to find when it was given its liberty about five months after it had arrived at Storrs. The bird made the flight successfully, but it didn't find its old home and friends, for the coops were partly torn down and the other pigeons were all sold. This faithful little friend was again sent to Storrs, this being last August. Even though she was away from her old home for over seven months this time, her homer instincts did not die. About two weeks ago she returned again to Provo and found not a trace of her old home and friends. Even this did not discourage her. Alone she waited around the place that seemed familiar to her. For over a week she was patient to wait around on the barns and fences until a place could be provided for her. She is still

in Provo but will soon be shipped back to the "home" she seems to have no love for.

How do they do it? That is the question none can answer. Some claim they return home by instinct, others say by the operation of radio waves, but none knows. They return just as well when they are taken away in covered baskets as when they are taken in an open cage; they return just as well to shabby loft as to the well furnished coop. One thing that is sure is that they return home better when they have mates or young to be interested in.

How the homer pigeon returns to its home is a problem that baffles the scientist and makes the common person ponder over the wonders nature performs.

B. Y. U., Provo, Utah

Never Mind

Never mind. The Father knows
All about your being;
And the seeds that sorrow sows
Are, no doubt, "congreging"
With a wise and perfect plan
To exalt the soul of man.

Never mind. The world is wide.
If your heart is fearless,
At the turning of the tide
You will not be cheerless.
Darkness did not come to stay;
Mists of gloom will roll away;
Bright will be the dawn of day
When your eyes are tearless.

Never mind. Thy hands of toil
Will confer a blessing.
Delving in the sullen soil
Seems to you distressing?
But the harvest is to be
Love of God and liberty,
And a dareful destiny
That is most impressing.

Never mind. The star of hope
In the east is rising.
On the summit of the slope,
All that you are prizing
Waits for you with modest grace,
Waits for you with smiling face,
Leads you to the happy place
Of life's realizing.

ALFRED OSMOND

WATERS OF THE TICABOO

BY TAYLOR THURBER

In the afternoon of a late Indian summer's day, Kanarra had gone into the Ticaboo to look over his fish traps. The softening blue haze of the still air carried in it peace. The dry odor of the pines was mingled with the fragrance of ripening berries that grew along the shallow stream. He sat down on the trunk of a large tree which had fallen across the Ticaboo and looked steadily into the water and watched the easy movements of the ever moving trout and how quickly they darted into shady places at his approach. He saw also, without knowing why, the reflection of himself as the waters flowed silently at his feet. He smiled as he watched his mirrored form lengthen when he stood upright. A breeze whipped into the canyon, rippling the water and the image was gone. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun came pouring through the notch of rim-rock at the canyon's top, being reflected on the opposite side of the canyon in a crash of coloring, grey yellow, and red.

Kanarra was of the Timpanodes. He was tall, with round, sloping shoulders and well muscled back. His face was Indian, firm but suggestive of something lost. As you studied the curl of his lip and watched his thoughtful, steady black eyes, you wondered if somewhere in the recess of his mind he was not reviewing faces and memories of mighty-ancestral hunters and hunting grounds, teeming with all manner of wild-game life. In his ears were fastened rings of smooth, yellow gold. On each side of his head hung heavy braids of black hair held firmly with wraps of beaded buckskin. Kanarra stepped down from the log and removed the fish from his trap. He strung them on a forked willow and started for the lower traps down the stream. He walked slowly, singing in low voice a plaintive hunting song. His time was measured in *moons* and *snows*, not in hours or distance.

Pavanti was the daughter of the chief medicine-man of the Kenoshas. She was gathering wild berries and saw some choice ones on the Timpanodes' side of the Ticaboo and crossed over to get them. She heard the song, and thinking it might come from a Timpanode crouched low in the grass amongst the bushes. Pavanti was somewhat tall and slender. Climbing the mountains and running through the forest had given her body strength and beauty. She had acquired grace of movement as she had danced back and forth in rhythmic time, watching the swaying of the tree tops. Her music came from the wind as it raced through the forest and broke over the mountain and was swept into the ledges and caves of the canyon.

Her face was smooth, terminating in a graceful curve at her chin. Her dark, copper-tinted skin reflected health—youth. Her eyes were large and black. Her glossy hair, parted in the middle, hung in two heavy braids behind her ears, each braid held firmly in place by a wide silver ring, ornamented with turquoise settings.

Pavanti listened, her ears straining. Again she heard the song. It came nearer and nearer. Alarm seized her when she realized someone was approaching; that she had crossed to the opposite side of the stream, thereby breaking a tribal law, and that her punishment, if caught, would be banishment from her tribe. She crouched low among the bushes. She must not be seen. The quick eye of Kanarra sighted the unnatural movement of the bush. He hastily placed the arrow to his bow and stepped cautiously towards the bush thinking to startle some wild animal. Pavanti hugged closely to the ground and from under her arm watched nervously his movements, his eye and the arrow. Each step he came nearer, she saw the bow tighten. He was ready to shoot the thing that moved. Sensing the danger, she screamed and arose quickly to her feet. Her face turned singularly pale and her whole body trembled. Suddenly she turned and faced him squarely, haughtily; her dark eyes flashed defiance at his intrusion.

Astonishment, then fierce anger seized Kanarra. Who was she that would break a sacred treaty? Who was she that dared place a foot on forbidden ground? Did she not know that law had made the waters of the Ticaboo the dividing line between the tribes? Did she not know this law was old when the trees of the Ticaboo were still young? Who should live that would despoil law? These were his thoughts as they stood facing each other. No word was spoken. Her eyes snapped a challenge. Kanarra's hands did not release the tension on the bow. Impulsively Pavanti drew from her foot a blue moccasin and flung it at his feet to emphasize her disdain. Half turning and looking over her shoulder, she gave him a taunting smile,—saying, "I am Pavanti," and quickly recrossed the stream, and darted out through the trees.

Kanarra stood still and watched her out of sight. "Pavanti, Pavanti," he softly said. "She is beautiful like the mountain rose, she runs gracefully like the fawn," and he looked the way she had gone. He picked up the moccasin. It was covered with blue beads of fine workmanship. Would he place the moccasin against the tree and shoot his arrow into it or would he—"Pavanti—Pavanti," he whispered, and looked again the way she had gone. "She is like the eagle that sails into the canyon from the mountain top, then flies swiftly to the crag and is lost. She is like sunlight when it first comes in the springtime."

He cut a branch from the wild berry bush, sharpened the end and drove it into the thick bark of a pine tree. To this he tied the

blue moccasin. From his girdle he untied a small buckskin sack and dropped it into the moccasin. He ate some berries which had fallen from her hand and departed swiftly into the shadows of the dim trail through the notch to his home.

The last hard climb brought him to the top of the rim rock. Here he sat a moment to rest. He looked up and saw the evening star—his star, and in the silence he fancied it was she, for unconsciously he whispered the name—"Pavanti."

Kanarra's instinct had told him that she would return for the moccasin. He would go into the Ticaboo again and he would keep secret her trespass.

The following day he secreted himself on the canyon side to watch. He listened to the chattering squirrels and saw they were busy gathering their winter's supply of acorns. He looked out through the notch and observed a column of blue smoke which went straight, far into the sky. This, he knew, was from the camps of the Timpanodes. To the left and below him he could see the smoke from the tepees of the Kenoshas. Would she come—would he again see his vision of loveliness? After a while he saw her—she began to run from tree to tree, looking ahead and then back as though fearful of being seen. She reached the stream and looked cautiously about. Finally she saw the moccasin hanging to the tree. She crossed the stream and removed it, and ran quickly back to her own side of the Ticaboo, where she examined it closely. She knew and looked for the Indian sign of hate, but instead of an arrow found jewels and pretty stones in the moccasin. The necklace was of garnets and turquoise, the rings of bright silver. These she placed on her neck and fingers and called softly to the winds to sing in the tree tops that she might dance. In her ecstasy she had not noticed her watcher's approach. Turning around as she danced, she saw him and started to run. "Pavanti, Pavanti," he called gently, "You are like the white flowers that grow far up the Ticaboo.—I am Kanarra—son of the Timpanodes—may I come?" His heart beat wildly as he asked the question.

She held up the hand on which she had placed the rings and beckoned him over. He hesitated. His life had been one of obedience to the law—no one of his clan knew how old it was. Its breaking, he knew, would, if it be found out, call for swift punishment or the return to tribal war. He knew also, the exactness and cruelty of Indian punishment when inflicted on a transgressor. Would he cross the Ticaboo? Again she smiled and bade him come.

The soft moonlight was sifting down through the moving branches of the trees, casting weird and ever-changing shadows at their feet. They stood there gazing at each other, when out of the silent night came the faint call, "Pavanti!"

"It is my mother—Kanarra must now hurry—go quick!" she said.

He picked a sego lily and placed it in her hair, then took her hand gently and said, "When Pavanti sees the burning pine tree far down the canyon, she will know that Kanarra is coming."

"He will come again—soon," she whispered.

"When the pine tree is burning," he answered.

He watched her as she went quickly away. The days followed swiftly and Kanarra had set his fish traps near the head waters of the stream: He observed some beaver dams, very old, which in the long ago, had turned the water from their natural channel into the Ticaboo. He remembered the treaty of the tribes and that it said,—*"The waters of the canyon shall be the dividing place."* He examined the beaver dams closely. Kanarra was away from his camp very much. This was noticed by his chief who sent spies to watch him. When the sun had gone into his tepee after a long day's journey, Kanarra walked anxiously away from the camps. The spies followed and found him at his signal fire.

They hid themselves in the rocks. The quick ear of Kanarra heard and when the blaze leaped high in the air he saw them. In surprise and anger he summoned them to him.

"Are the Timpanodes not at peace? For what does my brothers follow me?" asked Kanarra.

"Will Kanarra tell his brothers why he is burning the pine tree?" they asked.

"That the clouds may have light to travel when the sun has gone to sleep," he answered.

"Why does Kanarra go into the Ticaboo when it is night?" they asked.

"That he might be early at his fish traps," he answered as he dashed away into the darkness of the canyon.

They were quick to follow and saw, as the clouds passed over the moon's face, the Indian girl as she came running through the trees to meet him. They saw also that he had boldly crossed the stream and was trespassing the forbidden ground of the Kenoshas. The spies returned and the news of a broken law brought quick response from the Timpanodes chief.

The warriors were sent to capture Kanarra. They found him at his traps. His hands were tied with thongs and he was brought before the chief.

"It is said Kanarra," spoke the chief, "that the old law, which for so long has kept peace between the Timpanodes and the Kenoshas, has been broken and by a Timpanode—is it so?"

Kanarra did not answer.

The chief became very angry and demanded that he tell the name of the maiden whom he had met in the Ticaboo.

Kanarra smiled in defiance but said nothing.

"Let the ants punish him," cried the angry chief.

They bound his legs and threw his body across a hill of stinging ants.

Runners were sent to the Kenoshas to tell them of the broken law and asking them to gather at once at the Ticaboo and witness the banishment of the breaker.

Kanarra's torture from the stinging ants was fast driving him mad. His thought was of Pavanti and in his delirium he imagined she stood before him and in a pleading voice he called her name. They quickly rescued him from the ant bed and taunted him by repeating the name "Pavanti." Soon the tribes were at the river where there was much excitement, low mutterings and angry looks. Pavanti was questioned and grilled but would say nothing.

The Timpanode chief had Kanarra brought where all could see him. His hands were bound, his face and body bore the unsightly marks of the angry ants. He suffered, yet he was unafraid.

The chief slipped his blanket from his shoulders to his left arm and with his right he motioned them all to silence and addressed them thus: "The eagle flies high and watches for its prey—the dove sees his shadow and flutters into the bramble to escape. The eagle knows but one law—the law that slays—the dove has learned the law of peace. In the long ago before they learned the law, the Timpanodes and the Kenoshas were like the eagle, they did hunt each other to kill. When the waters of the Ticaboo became the dividing place there was law and long have we been as the dove. There shall be no Timpanode found with one of your people, nor shall a Kenoshas ever come unto us. My people shall be my people—your people must ever remain strangers to us. Kanarra—whom you see—a Timpanode, has broken the covenant of our fathers and like an unwanted dog, he shall this day be driven away, forever."

The speech was no sooner ended than the Kenoshas, on their side, gathered into circles and began to shout and dance. The Timpanodes gathered about Kanarra to sing their songs of scorn.

There was a fearless expression on the face of Kanarra, as he looked straight across to Pavanti. She returned a wistful smile as he caught the bright gleam of a dagger in her hand. He knew what it meant.

Suddenly he sprang to the top of a rock, jutting over the river's edge, and with mighty force broke the thongs which bound his hands and addressed himself thus;—"Law is strong like a wolf—love is strong like a bear. Kanarra knows the law but he loves Pavanti. Pavanti is fair like a mountain rose. Kanarra has broken a law because his love for Pavanti is stronger than law. The Timpanodes and the Kenoshas hate. Pavanti and Kanarra love. Hate is like a poison weed, to eat and die; love is like sweet berries, to eat and live.

Kanarra is not a dog because he loves and he will curse the eagle that slays the dove; he will curse the wolf that kills the lamb; he will curse the gods that laugh when there is hate,—and if in three days these waters are not dried up, he will curse the thing that causes our hate—*he will curse the Ticaboo.*”

While he was yet speaking a blinding flash of lightning silenced them. This was followed by the deafening peal of thunder, which echoed and re-echoed through the canyon. Immediately a great cloud came rolling over the rim-rock and misty darkness enveloped the whole scene.

Pavanti's eyes had never left her lover. She ran frantically to him and threw her arms about his neck.

“Come, Kanarra—come quick—while there is darkness we can escape—let us go now together”—she said anxiously.

Kanarra quickly placed his arms about her and drew her close, saying, “No, Pavanti, I go, but I come in three days, then when the stars shine I shall listen for your song, by the tree where the moccasin hangs.”

When the cloud lifted Kanarra was gone. The deafening peals of thunder had thrown the tribesmen into a frenzied stupor. When they had recovered they found their captive had escaped. Soon there was much talk and much excitement in the camps. They tried to remember and repeat all words he had spoken.

Pavanti knew not where he had gone but that he would return in three days, she knew—had he not said it?

As if speeding before a pack of hungry wolves, Kanarra ran out through the forest, along the rough trails that led to the beaver dams. He gathered poles to be used as spikes and heavy timbers for battering rams. With these he proceeded to undermine and tear out the age-old dams. All night and the following day he worked without ceasing. At last he was able to remove a great log that ran lengthwise into the dam and he saw the waters come splashing through and go roaring down their ancient course. Soon there would be no water in the Ticaboo. He had won.

In two days the Indians observed that the waters were fast receding. The chief of the Kenoshas came excitedly to the Ticaboo where on the opposite side he saw the chief of the Timpanodes watching, perplexed and sullen, the diminishing stream.

“Will the Timpanode chief explain this strange thing? My people murmur that Kanarra should escape and fear that some great evil will come upon us.”

“Peace, O Chief, the Timpanode will speak—Kanarra has gone to fight the fierce monster that brought all hate to the tribes. He has already wounded the beast and it is fleeing before him, as the waters of the Ticaboo are diminishing. Did he not, because of his great love for Pavanti, curse the wild monster of hate. Did you not see

his eyes, how like fire they were when he spoke and his voice,—did it not utter strong truth? Did he not curse the Ticaboo—is it not so—is he not a prophet?”

The Timpanode waited for a reply. The two mighty men of the tribes stood facing each other. Finally the Kenoshas answered, as he looked at the dry bed of the stream, “Kanarra is a prophet.” As soon as these words were spoken, the Timpanode crossed over to where the Kenoshas was standing and slowly removed his great war bonnet from his head and laid it at his feet.

Turning to his people he said,—“Let there be prepared a great feast for Kanarra, such as has never been given before by the Timpanodes. Bring presents of your finest skins of both antelope and the bear, as also of your finest jewels, to Pavanti. Say to her that where she chooses there will the Timpanodes place the prophet’s tepee. My counselors, I send to the Kenoshas that they may partake with us. All you, my people, will remember to war no more. Let my strong men go quickly and bring many love flowers from the desert, Kanarra will soon return.”

Both tribes were now very busy in making preparations for the prophet’s return. Wood was gathered into great piles—the hunters returned with much venison. The sun was now slumbering in his couch of richness and rest, and the gathering shades of night were silently closing about. Pavanti was anxiously watching for her lover—he would return—were his last words to her. The time was to her long, too long. The barking of the dogs broke in upon the stillness of the night. Runners were sent to investigate the cause. Lying on a stone in the canyon they found a man unconscious. It was Kanarra!

Pavanti gave him hot drinks and washed his pale, tired face. Soon he opened his eyes and beheld her great happiness. “Pavanti, my Pavanti,” he murmured. In my dream I saw the great mountains—they change not. As are the mountains, so is my love for you.”

Songs filled the air and the light from many fires filled the canyon.

“Come this way, Kanarra,” she said, “for now we two go together and there shall be clouds no more”—as she led him to the tepee where the blue moccasin hung.

“To you of the Kenoshas and of the Timpanodes, look!” he said, “this shall ever be the home of Pavanti,” and he tenderly slipped his gaily colored blanket around her shoulders. “Into the tepee of Kanarra, Pavanti and love will go. Hate cannot enter for *he* and not Kanarra is banished from the Ticaboo.”

Washington, D. C.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Yea, open your mouths and spare not, and you shall be laden with sheaves."

Many Friends and Investigators

Hobart, Tasmania, in the Australian mission, is the farthest south of any city of its size in the world. "The city has a very moderate climate, is in the center of a fruit-growing section, and boasts of one of the largest electrolytic zinc plants in the world. The people are very hospitable and offer no opposition, but are indifferent to the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have



Elders of the Hobart Branch Tasmanian conference, Australian mission, left to right: Lyold N. Croxford, Murray, Utah; Harvey O Crook, Smoot, Wyoming; Leon A. Robins, Layton, Conference president; Front, Arlie V. Bean, Richfield, Utah, outgoing conference president.

in the last six months had the pleasure to baptize twenty new members into the Church. We have also organized a sub-branch at Glen Huon, a fruit-growing district, where we have a Sunday School and hold meetings frequently. The work of the Lord is progressing favorably here and it looks as if we would be able to increase our members some in the near future. We have many friends and investigators. We enjoy reading the *Improvement Era* and find it a great help in the spreading of the gospel. —Leon A. Robins, conference president.

Prospects in Adelaide Encouraging

Adelaide, South Australia, reports a conference held there February 24, 1924, at which President Don C. Rushton attended. A priesthood meeting was held of the local priesthood, and Conference President Parley P. Jensen, who conducted the exercises, reported the condition of the work in that district and explained that two brethren were recommended to be advanced in the Priesthood, Albert N. Peddler, a teacher to a priest, and Thomas

Virgin, deacon to a teacher. Timely instructions were given by President Rushton, and Sunday School conference convened at 2:30 in the afternoon of the 24th, Superintendent Donald Crane in charge. There was a splendid attendance. The Articles of Faith, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, were repeated respectfully by the Advanced Theological class, the Theological class and the Primary. The regular conference session convened at 4:30 and from the reports given at the conference, the prospects are very encouraging. Strong testimonies were given after which the local authorities



Missionaries left to right: (standing) Reuben A. Call, Bountiful, Utah; William S. Geddes, Preston, Idaho; George E. Johnson, Collingston, Utah; Sitting. Conference President Parley P. Jensen, Bancroft, Idaho; Mission President Don C. Rushton, Salt Lake City; Claudius Tolman, Honeyville, Utah, retiring conference president, from Perth, West Australia.

were presented for approval and unanimously sustained. An investigators' meeting was held in the evening at 7 o'clock at which the object of baptism was dwelt upon by President Rushton, and 33 members and 17 investigators were present. A report meeting was held on Monday evening at which each department reported progress."—*Parley P. Jensen, conference president.*

Denver Conference

(See Opposite Page)

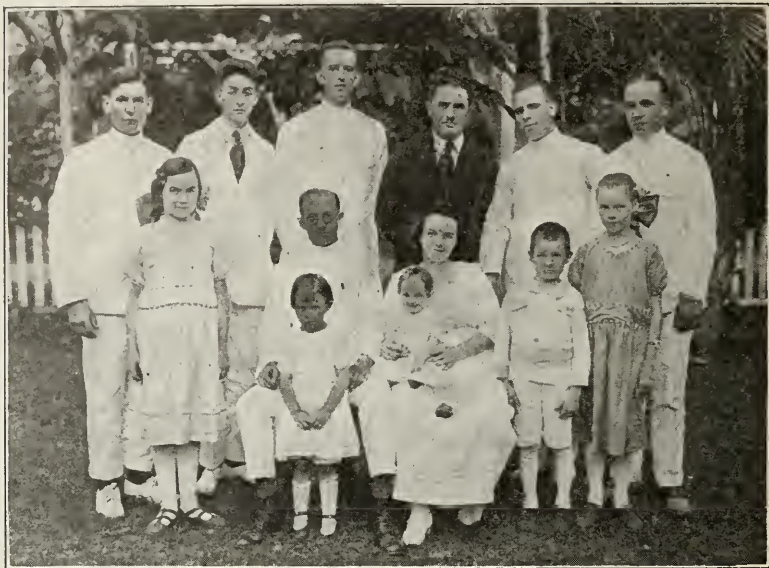
Front row, left to right, Elmer R. Mathews, Mission secretary; John Nelson, visitor; Raymond B. Holbrook; Wm. R. Strong, mission bookkeeper; Erwin Nelson, Canadian mission; A. Delbert Smith. Second row: Joseph Anderson, Sec'y to Pres. Grant; Mary A. Van, Pres. of Denver Relief Society; John M. Knight, Mission President; Mrs. Florence R. Knight, president of Relief Societies of the Western States mission; Heber J. Grant, President of the Church; Mrs. Augusta W. Grant; Mrs. Anna Midgley, daughter of Pres. Grant; Heber G. Taylor, president Grant's Grandson; George S. Daines, conference president. Third row: Professor Chas. R. Johnson; Milton Bodell; Bessie Steinagel, matron; Virginia Nielsen; Minnie Knight; Venola Ohlwiler; Thelma Huish; Lillie Hunt; Wilmirth Johnson; Veda Bertosch. Top row: Francis C. Cowley; Jennie Randall, mission stenographer; Vidella Rushton; Alice Garlick; Grace Jones; F. Orlin May; Golden A. Layton; Edward G. Matheson.



PHOTO TAKEN DURING A RECENT VISIT OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT AND PARTY TO THE DENVER
CONFERENCE, WESTERN STATES MISSION.

From Tahiti

From the elders of the Tahitian mission, we learn recently that their work is progressing very nicely, although they are working at a great handicap. The elders are all doing good work and backing the President for a bigger and better showing of converts from now on.



Elders laboring in the Tahitian mission, left to right: Elder Hayes, mission secretary, Grace, Idaho; Wallace Martin, Murray, lately returned; Elder Peterson, Garland; T. Burbidge, Salt Lake City, just returned; Elder Pierce, Beaver; Elder Fougler, Ogden; President O. B. Peterson and wife and family in front, Salt Lake City. Elders Merrill and Korth Nelson and Walker were out in the islands when the picture was taken.

An Ideal Conference

Horton C. Miller, conference secretary of the Konigsberg conference, Prussia, Swiss-German mission, reports a conference held on March 1, 2 and 3 at that place. "Presidents David O. McKay and Fred Tadge were in attendance. Five meetings were held. It was the best spirited conference that our Church has ever conducted in East Prussia. On Sunday, March 2, there were present at the three sessions as follows: Sunday School, 670; afternoon meeting, 670; evening meeting, 880; easily 50 per cent of each meeting being investigators. The spirit of peace and love was ever present at each meeting to such an extent that President McKay exclaimed: 'Konigsberg, elders and Saints recall an ideal conference!' The Sunday School work, which occupies first place in President McKay's heart, and the musical exercises were given special mention in the addresses. The Konigsberg choir, eighty voices strong, we consider beyond doubt the 'Super-one' in the European mission. It was referred to as one of the Church's best. The missionaries' work here in its organization reminds one of our well organized

wards in Zion. The Swiss and German mission is a strong advocate of the expression: 'Organization is a means to greater accomplishments'."



Elders left to right, front row: J. Russell Hughes, Provo; Horton C. Miller, conference secretary, Farmington; J. Maiben Squires, conference president, Logan; David O. McKay, president European mission; Fred Tadge, president Swiss and German mission; Jean Wunderlich, mission office, Basel; Lluwellyn McKay, Frankfurt conference, Ogden; Jesse Curtis, Salt Lake City. **Middle row:** Paul Zeuner, Leipzig, Germany; Otto Menssen, Hamburg, Germany; Lorenzo S. Walker, Farmington; Carvel M. James, Salt Lake City; Lewis H. Hunsaker, Brigham; Adolf O. Reichert, Salt Lake City; Duayne L. Anderson, Pleasant Grove; Harold Parkinson, Wellsville. **Back row:** Harold snow, Salt Lake City; Leslie J. Christensen, Ogden; LeRoy E. Lundquist, Salt Lake City; Glen H. Draper, Pleasant Grove; F. Artell Smith, Rexburg, Idaho; Raymond Lehi Kirkham, Lehi; Fred Bischoff, Salt Lake City.

New Church Building Dedicated in Sydney

"A new church building has just been completed and dedicated in Sydney, N. S. W. Australia, much to the joy and satisfaction of the elders and Saints of the New South Wales Conference. The corner stone was laid October 20, 1923, by Mission President Don C. Rushton, and the Church was dedicated January 13, 1924, also by President Rushton. We feel it a great pleasure to be able to meet in a building dedicated to the Most High, a building free from the conditions so prevalent in the halls we have met in during times past. In our meetings the Spirit of the Lord has been poured out upon us in rich abundance as an acknowledgment of our efforts that we have put forth in erecting this building. An average of six elders have given freely and willingly of their time, and all the labor and much of the mechanical work has been done by them. In connection with the dedication on the 13th of January, we held conference, and at the three sessions we had an average attendance of 115 people which is the largest number ever attended a conference in Sydney. From the reports given every line showed an increase since our last conference which was held some ten months ago. The missionaries have averaged 11 hours and 15 minutes per day, and as a result of their faithful labors we have had several baptisms. The future has some

very bright prospects for us as we have many friends who are interested in our message. The Saints are striving to live the gospel and they aid us greatly in breaking down the prevailing indifference. There are many good people in this fair land of Australia, and we hope, with the assistance of the Lord to reach the 'honest in heart' and bring them to a knowledge of the truth."—*Cecil S. James*, Conference President.

Liverpool, England

Elder Q. David Hansen, Blackburn, England, president of the Liverpool conference, British mission writes: The missionaries are, back row left to right: John E. Owens, Burnley, president of Burnley branch; Walter Thompson, Blackburn, president of Blackburn branch; Arthur L. Fuller,



Eden, Utah. Second row: Edward B. Smith, Lewiston, Utah; Lyle A. Riggs, Mesa, Arizona; John Walsh, Farmington; John C. Rowell, Murray. Front row: Leonard D. Jensen, Ogden, incoming clerk; Ralph A. Bailey, Monticello; Q. David Hansen, Richfield, conference president; Wallace R. Budge, Ogden, Utah, outgoing clerk. Brother Hansen relates the following interesting account taken from a letter which he received a short time ago from a Church of England minister, which, in a measure, expresses their feelings as missionaries: "The *Era* you sent me I have been reading, and I do not know of another journal so full of interest and so useful, at least to such as I, as is this magazine of yours. It says many things I could not say half so well, even if I had the opportunity. I hope it has a good circulation and is well read."

Eight Baptized in Texas

Elder John Langden, of Ft. Worth, Texas, writes that the work of the North Texas conference is progressing in that district and that many school houses and churches are open for the elders to hold meetings in. "Up to September 15, eight souls have been baptized as the fruits of our labors which impels us to work more diligently to teach the gospel. The elders of this conference desire to be remembered to their friends and co-workers in other fields, through the *Era*, which we appreciate very much and enjoy reading. It is a power for good in the lives of the missionaries and a source



of much inspiration." Missionaries left to right, front: Harold N. Pugmire; L. W. Doxey, former conference president; John Langdon, conference president; Leslie E. Sheek; back row: Wm. E. Buck, James E. Petersen, Wm. Ray Nelson.

Illustrated Lectures in California Mission

The illustrated Lecture has proved successful in the California mission in preaching the gospel. Elder Gustive O. Larson, former superintendent of Sunday Schools and Y. M. M. I. A. has prepared and delivered three such lectures throughout the mission while traveling in the interests of these organizations. Assistants have always accompanied him to shift the pictures to fit into the lecture. The pictures have appeared to support the thoughts presented, and except where it was necessary to explain a picture, no direct reference has been made to it. The first lecture presented was, "The History of Mormonism," supported by 140 slides and occupying one hour and a quarter. The second was, "Ancient American Civilization," or, external evidences of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. This is supported by 100 slides, occupying a little more than one hour. The third is, "Temples and Temple Work," occupying about forty minutes.

The first slides for these lectures were secured through the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City. These have been added to occasionally as new items have come to attention. For instance, the Rancho LaBrea Tar pit discoveries, six central American ancient cities, and Ancient Canal beds in Arizona, have been added. A portable Victor machine is used, secured through Mr. Frank J. Pickering, in Chicago.

The lectures have been delivered in all parts of the mission, often the same lecture twice in one place. No difficulty has been experienced in securing places to give them. Chapels, lodge halls, high schools, civic auditoriums, and theatres have all freely opened their doors, and in the open air they have been given on the street, beach and auto parks. Twice it was given on river boats, plying between Sacramento and San Francisco. One hundred eleven presentations have been made to date, to audiences varying from 50 to 2000. In Mesa, Arizona and Long Beach, Calif., audiences of 2000 were present made up largely of non-members. It is estimated that over 30,000 people have attended the lectures.

Considerable attention has been given to advertising. Missionaries have given it splendid support, in preparation; hand bills have been printed for

distribution, window cards have been displayed, public announcements made and newspaper announcements willingly published. At Long Beach a 20-foot banner was hung across the street leading to the auditorium with the announcement of the lecture supported by the Los Angeles Choir.

The results have been gratifying everywhere. Hundreds of friends have been made who have freely expressed interest in the subjects. Many Books of Mormon and other literature have been disposed of at the lectures. People have been attracted by the pictures, who could not have been attracted otherwise, and the pictures have told their story in their own peculiar way. Favorable comments have come from prominent auditors. Col. McClintock, author of *Mormon Colonization in Arizona*, and Dr. Omar A. Turney, head of the Arizona archaeological society, expressed themselves pleased with the presentation in Phoenix, Arizona. Unexpected comments are often heard in reference to some past presentations.—*Gustive O. Larson.*

Active Work in Peoria, Illinois

Evald Nygren, writing from Peoria, Illinois, reports the elders are enjoying their labors and meeting with great success. They have baptized during the past two months fourteen new members, distributed 543 Books of Mormon, and 10,806 other literature. They have had over 5,000 gospel conversations and looking forth for more baptisms in the near future. "We can notice a different spirit toward the Latter-day Saints today than was exhibited eighty years ago in this state. One of our elders had a conversation with a lady who stated she was a daughter of one of the mob who killed the Prophet and his brother. She acknowledged the injustice done, and felt that they are paying the penalty for the act. She was very tolerant toward our teaching."



Missionaries laboring in the Northern Illinois conference, Northern States Mission, bottom row, left to right: Evald Nygren, conference president, Murray; Royal S. Hunt, Central; Woodruff H. Medley, Holliday, Utah; J. Elmer Knight, Burley; Derold B. Clifford, Antelope, Idaho. Top row: William L. Howell, Garland; J. E. Cameron, Panguitch; C. W. Price, Ogden, Utah; F. A. Brown, Luna, New Mexico; DeWitt J. Paul, Salt Lake City.

Died in the Field

Wallace Bingham, son of B. H. Bingham of West Ogden, died in New Zealand. He departed for a mission to that country on the first of December, 1923. His body will be returned to Utah for burial. He was born on July 9, 1902, and graduated from the Weber college in 1923.



Right to
Left:
General
Richard W.
Young,
a grandson
of Brigham
Young,
and
Asahel H.
Woodruff,
son of
President
Wilford
Woodruff,
and
Asahel
Lincoln
Wood,
Grandson
of Wilford
Woodruff.

This picture was taken on the occasion of the second annual celebration of the exploration and naming of Ensign Peak, conducted by members of the Ensign stake, under the direction of John D. Giles, on July 26, 1919. The group shows two of the descendants, of the original party who made the ascent on July 26, 1847, as follows, Asahel H. Woodruff, son of Wilford

Woodruff; the child being held, Asahel Lincoln Wood, grandson of Wilford Woodruff; the late General Richard W. Young, grandson of Brigham Young.

On the occasion referred to, two hundred people made the ascent of the peak and listened to an impressive and appropriate program of speech and song. The late General Richard W. Young, then president of the Ensign stake, spoke, and the benediction was pronounced by Asahel H. Woodruff. The transformation scene from the peak, as the evening shadows gathered and the lights of the city beautiful were turned on, was a sight never to be forgotten, the glory of which few of Salt Lake's citizen's realize.

On the Brink of Mortality

"Thou mysterious Life, what art thou,
That I tremble at thy threshold,
That I dare not venture onward,
Fearful of thy mystic secrets?
Time, thy servant, bids me venture—
Will not listen to my pleadings
To be left outside thy boundary.
Life, I fear to do his bidding,
Fear to meet thee and to know thee,
For I fain would know thy secrets
Ere I venture through thy doorway."

"Oh, thou fearful, doubting stranger.
Why dost thou delay thy footsteps?
Come, I bid thee, do not linger,
Come forth bravely now to greet me.
To the one who cometh gladly,
And who courage hath, and wisdom,
Shall be given in abundance
All my gifts, both great and wondrous.
Yes, to those who struggle bravely
Shall be added strength and courage.
To the humble and the righteous
Shall be given choicest blessings.
True, there are among my pathways
Many thorny, stony places
Where thy tired feet may stumble.
But the way leads on and upward
Till it ends upon the threshold
Of a glorious, shining mansion,
Thine to enter and abide in,
Granted to thee by the Father.
Wilt thou fear or linger longer,
Wilt thou tremble at my doorway,
Daring not to cross the threshold
Where such glorious things await thee?"

"Life, I've listened to thy message,
Listened to thy words inviting,
But a question haunts me—fills me
Full of hateful doubts and wonderings.
Is there but one path to follow
Is the way laid straight before me,
Are there no mysterious by-paths
Where my feet may swerve, and lead me
To some other destination
Where I shall not find a mansion,
Where my soul shall cry in anguish,
And shall find no consolation?"

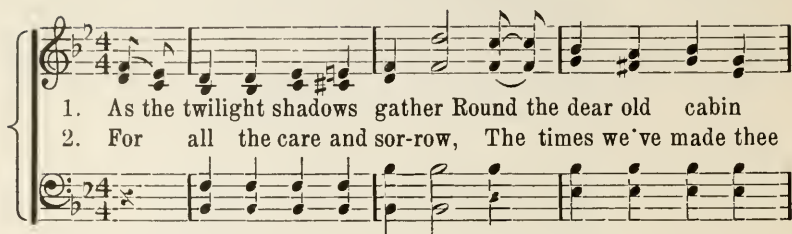
"Timid one, why shouldst thou tremble,
And be torn with fearful wonderings?
Dost thou doubt thy Father's foresight
When he sent thee forth to meet me?
Knowst thou not he hath equipped thee
With the mighty compass 'Wisdom',
That shall point the way before thee,
That shall lead thee ever onward
Past the dark, forbidding by-paths?
And to aid this wondrous compass
He hath given thee Faith unbounded,
That shall keep thy soul, forever,
All in tune with the Infinite:
So that thou mayest ever travel
Toward the mansion that is waiting.
But before I cease my speaking
These instructions I would give thee;
Guard with care the compass 'Wisdom,'
Keep it always—leave it never,
Even for a single moment,
That it may not lose its power.
But, lest 'Wisdom's' power blind thee
To the power thy Faith possesses,
Let me warn thee, guard it always,
Lest it wane, or die, or perish.
Plant it deeply in thy bosom,
That thy soul may be forever
Bound in close, divine communion
With thy Father, thy Creator."

"Life, I come, no longer fearful,
Gladly do I cross thy threshold.
Eagerly I'll venture forward
Press forever on and upward
'Til at last I reach the mansion
That across thy span is waiting.
Use me, Life, while I am with thee;
Let my talents grow and flourish,
That the world, when I'm departed,
May be better from my living."

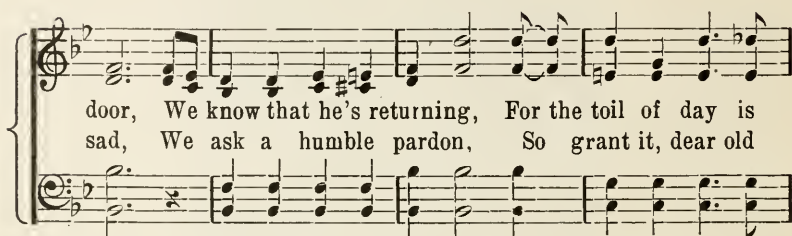
LULA WILLIAMS NELSON.

TWILIGHT AND YOU, DADDY

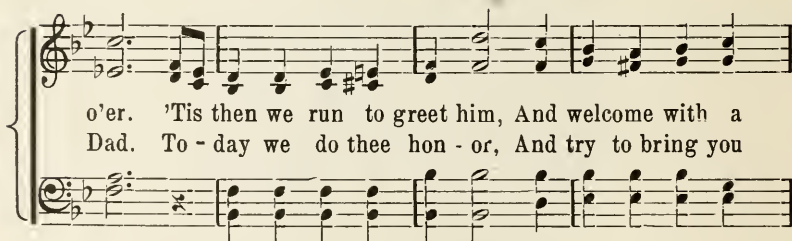
Words and Music by P. D. GRIFFETH.



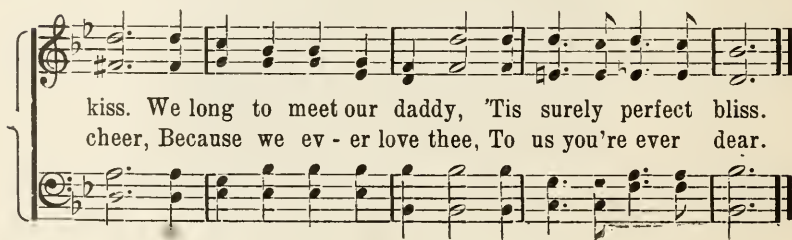
1. As the twilight shadows gather Round the dear old cabin
2. For all the care and sor-row, The times we've made thee



door, We know that he's returning, For the toil of day is
sad, We ask a humble pardon, So grant it, dear old



o'er. 'Tis then we run to greet him, And welcome with a
Dad. To-day we do thee hon-or, And try to bring you



kiss. We long to meet our daddy, 'Tis surely perfect bliss.
cheer, Because we ev-er love thee, To us you're ever dear.



A Passing Thought

As are the damask wings of butterflies,
The warbled songs from throats of mated
birds;

Rich thus a thought within my being lies,
This moment waits for passion's gift of words.
As burns the crimson on the robin's breast,
As falling waters glint beneath the moon,
Like dawn-lit roses, Venus in the West,
So to the year this Lover's month of June.
Yet beauty brings unrest as well as calm,
And in the heart love may be as a thorn,
The dirge too often mingles in life's psalm,
A hope may die the moment it is born:

What words are these that tremble on my
tongue?

Unspoken be—remain alway unsung!

Alfred Lambourne.

WATCHING BIG BROTHER

BY PEARL SPENCER

"Well, I tell you I'm never going to smoke when I grow up Bud never does, and I'm going to do exactly what he does."

"He doesn't, but many other fellows do—"

"Huh," broke in a second voice contemptuously, "and look at 'em. I betcha there ain't one of them that can do half the things Bud can. He can do anything in the world, even to—even to—driving a railroad train."

The boyish voices came in through the window with the soft evening air, and "Bud," the eighteen-year-old brother of his advocates, stirred in his chair uneasily.

"Those kids make me tired," he growled, with a self-conscious grin, "I honestly believe they think I can do anything I decide to. I don't see, however, how they get it into their heads that I'm such a little angel. Who are they trying to convert to no smoking now?"

"The neighbor boy," smiled his mother, "they think you're such a perfect piece of mankind that they are really offended if any one suggests that you have a flaw. I don't know what they would do if they should find you actually misbehaving. Instead of calling it misbehavior, though, they would be most likely to think it the right thing to do."

She smiled again, as he disappeared through the door. "He tries to pretend that he doesn't like it," she said, "but he's really as proud as he can be of their hero-worship."

She would have realized even more how much he cared, had she seen him that night as "the bunch" passed cigarettes around gaily. "Bud" refused firmly, in spite of the insistence. "Can't do it, fellows, they make me sick," with the sunny grin that no one could ever resist. Inwardly he was grumbling, almost angrily, "Those kids would probably go right out tomorrow and learn to smoke if they ever heard of me with a cigarette." Even to himself he would hardly admit that the real deterrent was the thought of the disappointed faces and disillusioned blue eyes that would face him if he yielded. "They'd probably never know," he thought, "but I guess I'll have to play up to the mark as near as I can, anyway."

When eight-year-old Mack let an explosive invective out at the dinner table, he explained to his shocked family, "Oh, that's all right. Bud said that at the car last night." And "Bud" finds that the slips that were creeping into his vocabulary, must be pruned carefully. And his sporting blood and training forbids anything but equal care, out of the hearing of his small judges, as in. And at times he finds it hard. "Talk about mother's apron strings," he groans, "they're not in it with playing up to a reputation like those kids give me."

"Bud's new girl certainly uses lots of paint," was Dick's candid contribution, one evening, and though "Bud" strenuously declared that his little brothers need not bother about his girls, he privately decided that she must "put it on pretty thick" if even "the kids" noticed it at the first glance. And mother breathed a relieved sigh when his acquaintance with the "New" one of the rouge, died a sudden and peaceful death.

But it keeps the little boys busy too. Mark submits peacefully to having his nails kept as clean as Bud's; Dicky, the underweight, drinks his quart of milk manfully, lest he may fall short of attaining to an equal six feet with his older brother. They both decide that "loud" ties are poor taste, even for little boys, and that a perfect gentleman would no more leave his mother or sister to bring the kindling in, than their hero would permit them to open the car door for themselves. To be sure, they use his hair oil, unless sternly forbidden, to acquire a similarly perfect "pomp;" but, on the other hand, they submit to neck-washing with such mildness that their mother counts it a total good.

"It seems," she laughs, "that all I had to do was to raise one boy for a model, and then to let him keep the others in their duties. They're lots more willing to tell the truth because you do, than because it's their moral duty, you know."

Bud responds as he always does to such praise, even in his mother's half serious vein, with declarations of the nuisances which the younger members of the family prove to be. But though he would not admit it to any one for the world, all the time that Mark and Dick are watching Big Brother, he, far more even than they, is watching himself.

Logan, Utah

Mother! Dear Mother of Mine!

Friend of my baby-hood, boy-hood and youth.

Champion of honesty, virtue and truth,

Mother! dear mother of mine!

Friend of my man-hood, eternal friend, aye,—

Her spirit and influence bless me each day,

Mother! dear mother of mine!

A friend in the "Mansions of Glory," is she,

With the "Sanctified Hosts" she is pleading for me.

Mother! dear mother of mine!

She links me with heaven, with God and His will,

She was always my friend and my friend she is still,

Mother! dear mother of mine!

Death cannot separate me from your love,

For your love shall endure in the realms above,

Mother! dear mother of mine!

For time and through all eternity,

Your love shall be mine for my mother you'll be,

Mother! dear mother of mine!

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

DAVID H. ELTON

AVAHTE-SHINAWV

The Big Wolf of Dark Canyon

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

Dark Canyon, yawning and silent, reaches away to the west in zigzag course from the heart of Elk Mountain to the Colorado River. On every side of the mountain in San Juan County, Utah, and the county is three times more extensive than the state of Delaware.

With a knowledge of its ten thousand miles of wild territory, Avahte-shinawv, or king-dog, as the Piutes called him, found no region more nicely suited than Dark Canyon to the murderous ways of his wolfhood. Around the mountain springs in its upper tributaries, he made his headquarters for most of the year, but in the splendid isolation of its lower country, he celebrated his winter festivals.

Avahte came to Utah with a pack of wolves driven from the state of Colorado by a gang of exasperated cow-punchers in the year 1910. His chosen reservation in San Juan extended from the sage-brush prairie at Slickhorn, thirty miles south of the mountain, to lower Indian Creek far to the north of it. He never lingered long in a place, and visited the various quarters of his dominion once a month, unless it were in the severe winter seasons, when he avoided the deep snow of the higher country.

From the beginning of his career as a full grown wolf, he marked his path with remains of fat cattle wherever he went. He killed not only to appease his voracious appetite for flesh, but to answer a wanton lust of wholesale destruction. He made the slaughter of cattle his consuming art, killing as many as three in one night. His name became dreadful, the cost of his operations, startling. The cow-men of Peavine and Kigaly offered a tempting sum for his scalp, and the Wooden-shoe outfit doubled the figure. Besides that, the Dark Canyon Company advertised a reward all its own, and the big wolf was coveted by every hunter and trapper hearing his ominous name.

The first to stop on his trail with steel traps and animal scents, was a man named Woolf. He trapped coyotes, bobcats and other easy game while he studied the habits of the king-dog, following his tracks, scrutinizing the reeking carcasses in the deeply-cut traces of their death struggles, and listening to the hoarse howl echoing away into the distant brakes and coves of the mountain. Avahte followed the trapper's tracks with all the friendly tolerance of one wolf for another. He seemed to have no fear of men; he made his kills almost within

hearing of their camps, and advertised his absolute monarchy with bantering voice on the midnight air.

In the summer months he held to a small circle near Kigaly and Peavine springs in the heart of the mountain, where he appeared from the groves of oak and underbrush without warning, to spread terror among quiet cattle as they browsed the flowers, or chewed their cud in the shade. From their mad stampede he selected the choicest young animal, sheared its hamstrings in two with his scissor-like jaws, and claimed its flesh for his own.

But while the king-dog bantered Woolf from some dark retreat in the near-by timber, or from safe places in the open far away, and slaughtered his unblemished victims in friendly proximity to the trapper's camp, he avoided the traps with unfailing instinct. Woolf played his part in the losing game till he began to believe Avahte in league with the supernatural, and saddling his ponies he departed from San Juan.

In the wild stretches of Slickhorn, among the green groves of the mountain and on to the north of it in Dark Canyon and Indian Creek, the king-dog marked his trail with fresh slaughter. A snarl of noisy coyotes followed ever after him, and though never daring to settle their sharp teeth in one of his victims till he had sampled it himself, they always licked the bones clean when he gave them the signal. Sometimes he kept them waiting weeks at a time, and they refrained from his feast with servile obedience.

The lure of the growing reward offered for his destruction, brought to his trail a man named Boudish who, with his son, began to ascertain just where the old wolf was in the habit of going, and how often he passed. While they followed studiously after him, he sniffed their tracks with equal sociability. "We'll get 'im," affirmed the old man, when he saw the great track on their own.

With a knowledge of the big wolf's chosen course, his preference for certain territory, and his bump of inquisitiveness for what they were doing, the Boudishes set their traps and placed their scents with eager hands. Avahte was due to pass that way again in about five days, and at the end of that time, as young Boudish followed his trap-line in the early morning, he found one "set" gone; it had been jerked violently from its place, and the heavy clog to which it was attached had hurtled madly after it, making few, but deeply cut marks where it struck the earth. The fury with which it had departed was written on the weeds, the brush and the trees wherever it passed. It was the big wolf,—the deep impressions of his great angry feet in the soft earth indicated the frenzy of his resolution to be free at all costs.

Instead of holding to the track with all its distracted detours, young Boudish "cut signs" ahead, crossing the track with sufficient frequency to make sure of its general course, and going forward with

all possible speed. Once when he "cut" back around a point of trees and rocks, he discovered the big footprint bounding free with neither clog nor trap and making down the slope with long bounds. The foot that had been in the trap left a red stain.

Turning back along the trail among the trees, Boudish discovered where the desperate king-dog had jumped through the forks of a low tree, and when the heavy clog caught, he wrenched himself free by his splendid strength.

Avahte had seen a trap—not as a lifeless thing, but as a fiendish part of Boudish's track; jumping treacherously up from the dust, and biting his foot with savage power. He would follow their track no more, and when the trappers learned of his displeasure towards them, they began to lose hope. "A trap-wise wolf knows more than a man," declared the elder Boudish, and packing their donkeys they went back to Colorado.

Again the king-dog became undisputed monarch of all the rich range he wished to claim. He feasted on the fat of the land; he deigned to eat the daintiest morsels of the choicest cattle he could find. He made a bloody path from Slickhorn through Long Flat, across the mountain by Kigaly and into Dark Canyon where he killed three heifers in one night.

The foreman of the Dark Canyon Cattle Company, finding the steaming carcasses, declared with crisp words and strong feeling that they would drive the old thief to death or out of the country. "He's got all the trappers hoodooed, and he costs me more than all my hired help," swore the foreman in a rage.

But the foreman found it impossible to take his men from their work long at a time, and he hired two Piutes to spend their whole time on the trail of the elusive Avahte, making it a point to go himself when he could, and to have his whole crew join in the chase when their duties would permit. It was here that the king-dog got his name, for to the red men of Elk Mountain he was *Avahte-shinawv*, and their tradition vested him with origin and ancestry which gave wonderful charm to the hunt, especially so when justified by promise of reward.

The Piute horseman's ability to race over rough country in record time, is a wonder to those who know it, and Posey and Scotty could get as many miles out of the cayuse as any member of their horse-killing tribe. It was stipulated in the contract that they mount themselves, and that their wages should be trebled if they got the wolf.

It took them but a few hours to find the big track newly-made across the country, and they took it up with the avidity of blood-hounds after a hare. But the king-dog chose his way far ahead of them, as if he had known all about the plot, and quickened his steps to be out of its reach. They held eagerly and pantingly after him all day, but darkness hid the track and they stopped without a

glimpse of the gray figure. While they dozed on their meagre blankets with the cayuses browsing the leaves and weeds around them, they heard the banter of the old wolf's hoarse roar from the mountain side above, as if to assure them he was in the best of spirits and ready for the game again next day.

In the gray dawn they pursued him, but from every clearing he crossed, he glided under cover again before they appeared. The Piutes brought their rawhide quirts with savage lash down the reeking thighs of their mustangs, but Avahte led on miles ahead, and night found them far from any camp in a cotton-wood gulch of the winter range.

The weary ponies could nibble the leaves of the greasewood, but Posey and Scotty found their waist-bands painfully loose till they discovered a porcupine sleeping on a limb above them. Punching him out of the tree, they roasted his oily carcass on the red coals, ate freely of his flesh that night, and licked the bones clean next morning. Thus handsomely stuffed with porcupine, there remained no reason for their return to a base of supplies, and they followed the big track as soon as the gray dawn revealed it to their eager gaze.

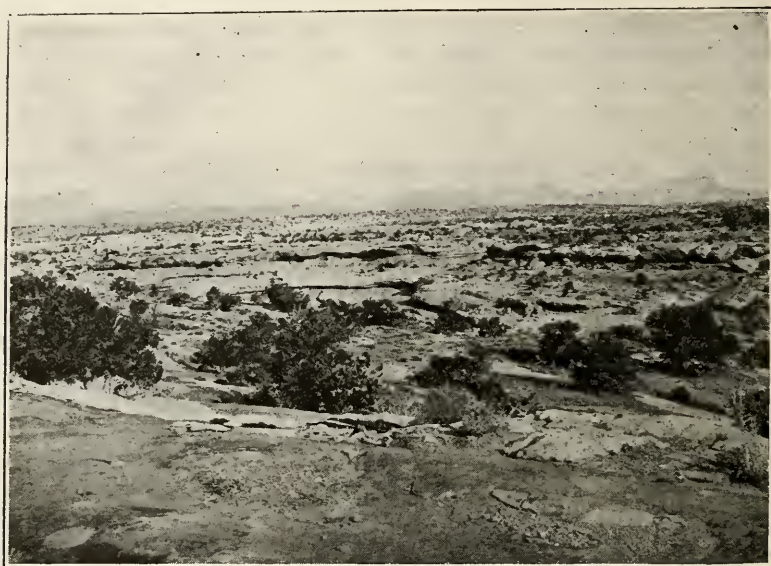
On they rode with lash and spur, peering always eagerly ahead for a glimpse of something gray with open mouth and long red tongue, but failing always to see it. The sun mounted high and sank in the west when they were forty miles from camp, their pangs of hunger growing sharper with each mile. But Avahte-shinawv, miles ahead of them, had taken time to kill a fat heifer and gormandize with leisure, leaving a generous part for his starving pursuers. The Piutes gormandized too, taking the evening for the process, and sinking wearily down by the carcass to doze when they were full. At break of day they urged their jaded cayuses forward again, doting big on a certain corner into which they hoped to crowd the coveted game.

They followed down what in the west is called a "point," with deep gulches on each side, and forming a junction ahead. Fearing the king-dog would escape them on one side while they tracked him along the other, they separated, guarding the whole width of the point as they approached the junction, which they remembered as having a dizzy rim on three sides. Then they saw by the big track that their prisoner had come back to escape them, only to be turned again by the near approach of his relentless pursuers into the strong arms of his corral. Their eagerness became a fever, and they whipped their dog-weary ponies forward, carrying their guns in their saddles before them. On the very end of the point they caught a brief glimpse of the gray monarch he gazed calmly at them, but before they had time to fire he stepped down behind a little ledge, where he seemed to be crouching for a chance to break for the timber of the point behind them.

Dismounting, the two Piutes hurried forward guns in hand. But Avahte was not under the little ledge, and he was nowhere to be

seen on the rock; he had followed a dizzy shelf along the brow of the cliff, leaped from the end of it to a perilous projection ten feet below, and from there had gone by a desperate drop to the hillside at the base of the cliff. They crept to the edge and saw where he had alighted in a great service-berry bush, from which he had gone, apparently unhurt, to hide in the brush or in the forest below.

The Indians headed with their boney cayuses for Dark Canyon, and when they arrived, behold the king-dog was there and well-tuffed with fresh beef, ready for the chase to go on as soon as they got their fresh horses. The chase went forward again, for the foreman



The breaks of Grand Gulch looking northwest from Slickhorn, at the buttes of Mossback Mesa, San Juan county, Utah.

swore he would keep his expensive guest no longer. They pursued him with increasing fury to the end of the first week, and then to the end of two weeks, three weeks, four weeks, yet the big wolf seemed as strong and hearty as ever. His appetite was excellent, his art of slaughter improved, and he was farther away than when the race began. He made his kills almost within hearing of the cow-punchers as they snored in their blankets, and he called to them with unfaltering banter while they poked their fire and cursed him cordially. And during the whole month he had been seen but once: when the Piutes thought they had him cornered on the point. But now Posey and Scotty found themselves completely afoot,—the foreman had no horses to mount them, and no men nor time to go on with the hunt.

Again the king-dog howled the exultation of his monarchy from

Slickhorn to Indian Creek, from the great reef of the Comb Wash to the dizzy walls of the Colorado. His career as wholesale butcher of choice young cattle had reached well into the years, and he had preserved his life and his vigorous wolfhood at a cost of seven thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. His hoarse howl echoing up the broken mountain sides in the still night, or coming faintly from dark depths of tall timber, announced his invincible and bloodthirsty presence, making cattle-men shrug their shoulders and curse in despair. From all quarters of his dominion the night winds carried the strong tones of his defiance above the saucy banter of his beggarly coyote following.

Late in November, Warren Allan of Blanding, Utah, a town thirty-five miles east of Dark Canyon, answered the lure of the promised reward and camped with his traps on the old wolf's favorite winter range. The king-dog had followed the herds into the lower part of the canyon, known as Fable Valley, and though the old monarch made no long stops, his track crossed the valley at frequent and regular intervals. He made his entrance each time at the same place, and always alone. Evidently he had forbidden the coyotes the use of his royal way, for they came down by paths of their own.

The print of Avahte's foot measured four inches across. Warren bent over it in wonder, and though he caught coyotes and other furry creatures, he studied the old wolf's habits a full month without placing a trap in his path. During three whole days he did nothing but follow the wonderful track through the crooks and turns of its strange course. He carried his blankets on his back, stopped wherever night overtook him, trudging forward again with early dawn. But he could not traverse all parts of the royal path, for in some places the king-dog had leaped from one dizzy rim to another, or slid down over steep smooth rock where no one but a daredevil would try to follow.

As Warren lay in his lonely blankets after his long walk, the hoarse howl echoed among the rugged canyon walls above him,—a voice expressing the mighty lure of the real wild, where the big game is to hunt and be hunted. Then from the high rocks where that echo started, an ominous screech-owl mingled with it his piercing cry, after which he descended with silent wing to stand the trapper's hair with terror on end by suddenly repeating his splitting screech within five steps of the solitary bed.

Avahte's royal and exclusive highway entered the canyon from the west side. All coyotes kept their beggarly feet out of it, according to his majesty's august orders, finding ways down among the rocks on each side, for they must gorge themselves on what his highness left, and he left them the greater part of every kill. Then they held loud carnival over each carcass when it fell to them, and they cursed and fought each other with echoing warmth, but the whole cowardly gang always waited for the king-dog to give them the signal for starting by dining on it himself.

Warren was delighted to find on his own track the imprint of the big wolf's foot. Though his wolfish highness had found Boudish a bad man to follow, in Warren he had apparently scented no danger. "He was ready to chum with me in spite of Boudish, the Piutes and everybody else," Allan affirmed, "and he went right on about his business after I arrived as if I were just to his taste. He killed eleven heifers in the canyon while I was there, some of them within half a mile of my camp."

About Christmas time, when cold winds moaned through the naked oaks, and the little stream in the canyon crept along under the crust of ice, Warren set his traps for the king-dog. The old monarch had come in at regular intervals from the west side during



A typical hillside in the desert regions of San Juan county, Utah, where no horse can follow a wolf.

the month, springing each time from the same ledges, and sliding down over the same smooth rocks. That highway looked like the best place for a "set," and in it the lone hunter placed three big traps chained together, taking a full half day to arrange them, concealing the place with sand the color of the surrounding rock. And he spared no pains in obliterating all tracks, and added the essential lure of scent.

When Avahte came down the mountain again, he took another path. Woolf and Boudish had trapped in that valley,—possibly in this same highway, and from them the king-dog had learned much,

That chumming business was but a part of his shrewd game. In all the windings of his chosen way, in his loud howl, and in the many carcasses where he wrote red testimony of his ferocity, he had yet reserved the secret of his self-preservation. This latest trapper felt strongly disposed to concede him sole right to the solitude as the other trappers had been compelled to do.

When there came a fall of dry snow, and cattle huddled near one "set" of the traps, Warren moved them for safety away. Then the old wolf tracked him to the place, and trod down the snow where they had been. "It looked as if he said, 'Move them traps out of my way, and I'll follow it again,'" said Warren.

Three days after that, he found where the old wolf had followed him in the snow to a coyote struggling in a trap, and there he had jumped from the shoe-tracks as if they were hot. Across the canyon he had found them again and turned abruptly away. "He wouldn't chum with me any more," declared the trapper, smiling, "and my chances of getting him looked mighty slim."

Soon after the close of the year it became necessary for Allan to make a trip home, and he left most of the traps, including the three in the royal highway, in their set under the snow. He expected to return in a few days, but business delayed him in Blanding while the winter progressed.

Avahte found the lone and dangerous track leading eastward up the canyon, and as the days passed he saw no sign of its return. Neither could he sniff on the crisp winter wind the smell of fire, and no sound by day nor glimmer by night indicated the presence of man. He was alone: the keen instincts of his aggressive wolfhood assured him his tormentors had gone one after another from pursuing after him. He had outwitted them—out-run them, and the white solitude echoed the exultant roar of his hard-fought supremacy. As the fall of more fluffy snow buried all traces of his latest adversary, giving the wild world to him and his prey, he grew bold in the freedom of his dominion.

He indulged his art of slaughter without fear and in triumph. He crossed the ghostly wilderness in the open or under cover as he pleased, holding his beggarly following away in disdain. The world was his, right and left, and he forbade the servile parasites living by his splendid prowess from placing their feet in his royal pathway.

As victorious lord of all creation, so far as he cared to claim it, he would hold to his chosen course, nor fear to tread where the instincts of his nature had led him. Down his old highway from the west side he came with august and sweeping stride, scattering the feathery snow as he sprang from rock to rock, till up from one of his landings jumped a great savage trap, gripping his left front foot with silent fury.

With indignant surprise the king-dog bolted like a flash, only to jerk from under the fluffy surface, two other traps and a heavy wooden clog. It was no wisdom nor cunning of his in this desperate

moment that snapped the two traps with sharp and empty click on the snow, instead of on another of his frantic feet. From this evil place some wolfish instinct called him towards the bottom of the canyon, and he struggled painfully down the mountain side over brush and rocks, fighting here with an oak on which his chains had become entangled, and exerting himself there to dislodge the clog from between two boulders.

Then he caught his gingling irons around a young pine the size of a man's neck, and in spite of all his desperate pulling and jerking, it hung as if it were locked. He fought fiercely with that tangle of chain and traps and clog, going around the tree and back till he had worn a deep path through the snow and into the frozen earth. He settled his great dull teeth into the gummy bark of the tree, tearing it



The walls of the Colorado River, nature's great barrier, forming the northwestern boundary of San Juan county, Utah.

from the base of the trunk, and scarring the juicy white wood beneath. And then in a frenzy he bit chips of wood from the tree, and gnawed with trembling wrath to its very heart. When it fell he severed the last tough fibres which held it, dragged his accursed tangle over its much mutilated stump, and headed again down the course of his royal way.

Trouble beset him at every turn. A hundred and fifty yards down the mountain he jumped from a nine-foot ledge, but one of his traps caught on some heavy brush, allowing him but chain enough to reach the sloping hillside with three feet. His left front foot was suspended above his head in the unrelenting jaws of the trap. He

tried in vain to jump back; the ledge was too high, his footing too nearly on edge, his unnatural burden too heavy.

In his desperation on three feet he turned round and round, and the chains twisted up so short they held him erect on his hind feet. When after slow and painful exertion he reached the earth again with his free front foot, it was only to hang himself up again by the same motion. When he paused in his intense effort, his desperate cry echoed away on the chilly wind, to be answered by the mocking bark of his beggarly following, now growing desperate with hunger for the kills he failed to make.

His mouth and lips were raw and bleeding from thrusting them ever against the hard cold thing which held him, painting it over with many a new coat of red. He whined, he growled, he uttered the most awful imprecation known to his fierce nature. In his writhing and struggling he was too intent on escape to care that the dawn followed the dusk, and the dusk the dawn, in one long fight with the greatest of all foes.

And yet he fought on and wore out the strength of his powerful wolfhood, sinking ever lower with hunger and weariness, till he hung limply against the cold wall. His gaping mouth revealed a set of terrible teeth made dull with age, and his fiery eyes, frozen solid in their sockets, looked blankly at Allan when he had followed the royal way down the hill to where the king-dog made his last fight.

Blanding, Utah.

My Faith

Have I the faith to trust in Thee,
And know that Thou art near,
Though threat'ning shadows gather fast,
To fill my soul with fear?

Have I the faith to feel that Thou
Art walking by my side
Through these dark shadows in my path
My faltering feet to guide?

Have I the faith within my soul
To know and see the light
That radiates from Thee, O Lord,
And shows to us the right?

Have I the faith, when hopes are high
And pleasures all are mine,
To turn my thoughts to Thee above,
In gratitude sublime?

Then, have I faith to muster strength,
And grasp thine outstretched hand,
To cleave unto eternal truth,
Above temptation stand?

Ogden, Utah

OLIVE BELNAP JENSON

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY

BY WENDELL S. STOUT

Of the commandments given on Mount Sinai, none is more beneficial, and yet none more shamelessly ignored by man, than that pertaining to the Sabbath day. Indeed, there are few who even pretend to observe the day, and of that few, the greater part seem to have failed to grasp the meaning or to appreciate the value of keeping it holy. The small number of people gathered in our houses of worship on this day bears witness of the lack of faith in the principle. In the cities, instead of the churches being filled, our pleasure resorts are overcrowded, Sunday sports have taken the place of Sabbath worship; while, in the country districts, the Sabbath is fast becoming an ordinary day of the week, a day of toil. Sunday sees no change in the work of many of the country folk; they dress the same, think the same, do the same as on other days of the week.

For such people the ox is always in the mire. Their work drives them; it is of such importance that they cannot afford a Sabbath. In other words, the Sabbath, to them, does not mean opportunity for enlarging their souls; it is only a day for getting their daily bread; they have forgotten that there is such a thing as spiritual bread and that they are in sore need of it.

These conditions show clearly that the purpose of the Sabbath has been lost sight of, and that being the case they can see no reason why one should not do necessary (?) work on that day; or why one should not go to the pleasure resorts, or go hunting, or fishing, and take one's needed rest, in change from the monotony of the other six days. It seems that we have forgotten the first sentence in the commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to *keep it holy*." Most of the commandments of the Decalogue are negative, but this commandment has also a positive side. Not only must we refrain from work, but we must keep the day holy. Refraining from work is but the necessary means to this end.

The negative part of the commandment has, in times past, received the greater emphasis, perhaps, because the law could compel its observance more easily. Thus the Bible records that a man was stoned for working on the Sabbath. At the time of Christ the emphasis on refraining from work reached its climax when the Pharisees found fault with the disciples of Jesus for plucking and crushing out the heads of grain as they passed through the corn fields on the Sabbath day. In spite of the valuable lesson couched in Christ's rebuke, we find the Puritans, many centuries later, falling

into a similar error and adding to it one other—that of *forcing* the people to keep the day holy by assuming an air of piety and attending church.

But, with the Puritan strictness, the means being over emphasized, the end was lost sight of, and Puritan rigidity, as a result, has been replaced by a Sabbath of almost pagan laxity. Sunday has become a capital day for sports and outings of all kinds; the Sabbath has been commercialized and grossly cheapened. The divine purpose of the Sabbath is unseen by many; they have beheld nothing but an unpleasant restriction placed by God upon man, for no other reason than to try his faith and test his obedience. They have forgotten the words of the Savior, "The Sabbath was made for man." The Sabbath, then, is not for the advantage of God, but for the benefit of man.

It remains for us, therefore, to find out what is most profitable for us on that day, and whatever it is, be it working, pleasure-seeking, reading books, or whatnot?—that is the thing that is in order on the Sabbath day. God has given us the day for us to make the best possible use of, and when we fail to do so the Sabbath is wasted and we are the losers.

Let us then ask ourselves, "For what purpose was man put upon the earth?" Evidently, it is that he might live. A very simple answer to so important a question, but how few there are who appreciate its truth! We are here to live. Then, why not make the Sabbath day one of living? If we could but live one day in seven, our work would be easier, we would live longer, old age would be postponed, the years would be longer when measured in joy and would be shorter when measured in sorrow, we would be rich though we had not a penny; the Sabbath would indeed be a day of rest. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden. * * * Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find *rest* unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." What a glorious suggestion is this for the keeping of the Sabbath.

But it is only incidentally that the Sabbath is a day of rest. Primarily it is a day of worship. It is for the praise and adoration of God, whom we should love, and whom to worship if we do love him, becomes the greatest joy.

Worship is consciously striving to serve God. Service and love combined give the greatest of joy. These two elements are essential both to God's joy and to man's joy. "God so loved the world that he gave his Only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." Is this not an expression of love through service? As God's glory is the immortality and eternal life of man, or is service to man, so man's glory is service to God and man. The Sabbath is an opportunity for us to reach out and grasp

eternal life. "He that believeth in me shall never die." It is only the dead that die and it was of such that Christ spoke when he said, "Let the dead bury their dead."

Let us, then, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. We should refrain from work, but it is only that we may gain more of the real values of life. We must not be idle on this day, it is a day of worship, of service to God and his children. Let us help them to live. Let us make use of our worshipping assemblies that we may fulfil this purpose. Let us remember that the greatest joys come from mingling with and partaking of the joys and sorrows of others. Let us not desecrate the Sabbath by seeking physical pleasure. Let us not shut ourselves away from the joys of the Sabbath. Let us live on this blessed day.

Beaver, Utah.

HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY

2. *Henry*

Is fame worth more than the love of serving the human race? Joseph Henry, one of America's greatest scientists, apparently thought not. Time after time he might have become world famous because of his discoveries and inventions, but he ignored the opportunities for the sake of devoting his energies fully to the making of new discoveries. His whole mature life was spent quietly bringing new ideas to a point where inventors and other practical-minded men might gain fame from them. As well as not could he have reaped the fame that went with such inventions as the telegraph, dynamo, and various other important devices.

Henry furnishes us with an excellent example of a boy with ordinary opportunities who climbed to the top of the ladder. He was born in 1797 of ordinary parents who had immigrated to this country at about the beginning of the Revolutionary War. When he was but a few year old his father died, and at the age of seven he went to live with his grandmother in another section, where he attended school for three years. Then he worked in a store most of the day but went to school some of the time until he reached the age of fifteen. Like almost all boys, he delighted in reading stories of romance, and being a good story teller with a liberal amount of imagination to furnish new thrills, he was always the center of the crowds which gathered around the stove at the store.

At the age of fifteen he decided to become an actor and joined

a dramatic company, of which he soon became the star. He wrote one comedy which was used by the company. He was getting along famously when one day, a year later, a friend handed him a book on *Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry* which he literally devoured. Although this was an entirely new field for him, he decided to become an experimental worker or an explorer in the field of the unknown.

It requires a great deal of special training and experience to become efficient in scientific research. Henry had neither, and he lacked the means for securing college training. Undaunted, he worked during the day and went to school in the evening. Here he eagerly studied geometry and mechanics. Later he taught a country school until he had money enough to enter the Albany Academy. Without an instructor he mastered the most difficult forms of mathematics, including differential calculus which he realized were essential to the career he wished to enter. Finally, at the age of 18, he had worked his way through the academy, and because of his exceptional interest in his studies he was immediately offered a position as tutor in the home of one of the Academy trustees. This gave him time to make further study of the sciences which were essential to his future work.

Due to his delicate constitution at this time, Henry took a position in the open as a surveyor of a proposed road across New York State. The outside work did him a world of good and he was about to take other surveying jobs, but was induced to return to the Albany Academy, in 1826, to accept a position as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy.

Henry was far from being just an ordinary professor. He always kept up to date on the latest scientific discoveries. During the short period each year when he was free from class work he devoted his time to the discovery of new facts instead of taking a vacation as most professors did. The Academy was too poor to buy the equipment needed for his experiments, so Henry made them himself and for the most part used his own money. His experiments were largely on electricity at this time, and as there was then no practical use for electricity most people thought it foolish to spend time on this scientific curiosity. It was inspirational to Henry, however, and was one reason for his exceptional ability as a professor.

The first contribution made by Henry which led up to practical results came through his experiments on methods of winding wire about an iron core in order to make it a strong magnet. He was teaching his students the secrets of electro-magnet winding long before the qualities of these magnets were known by others. In 1831, or three or four years before Morse invented the telegraph, Henry had demonstrated that electric-telegraphy was possible. He caused a bell to ring at will by passing a current of electricity through several miles of

wire strung around the rooms of the Albany Academy. This was probably the first electric bell ever devised. When Morse had failed to get results with his telegraph, Professor Gale told him to go to Henry. Morse studied Henry's apparatus and returned with the idea which made the telegraph a success. Henry never once begrudged Morse his successful telegraph, although he undoubtedly could have made at least as good a one himself, and had suggested telegraphic communication by this means to others.

Although Faraday is given credit for being the first discoverer of the principle now used in producing electricity by magnetos and dynamos, Henry had discovered this fact before Faraday, but had not published the results. This discovery was one of the things which makes Faraday's name so great. Some discoveries and inventors complain bitterly when someone else gets the fame they deserve, but Henry quietly went about his work of discovering other new things.

Henry was the first one to notice the oscillatory action of electricity coming out of a Leyden jar, a fact which was made use of in perfecting radio. He was the one who first suggested the use of the telegraph to predict weather from conditions in other parts of the country, as is done by the U. S. Weather Bureau today. He made the first measurements of the effect of sun-spots on the heat given out by the sun, a subject which is now being widely studied. He made original studies of building ventilation, movement of sound, strength of building materials, of the effect of the aurora on earth magnetism, and a great many other important subjects. But in all these things he carried the ideas only far enough to show their importance and then left their more practical side to those who cared to take up the problem.

In 1846, when the great Smithsonian Institute of Washington was founded, to help discover and spread knowledge, Henry being the most capable man to take charge, was made the first director. It was through his broad vision of science that the policy of the Institute was, and still remains, to carry on investigations and publish papers which will bring knowledge to a point where it can be of practical results.

Henry lived a happy life; he enjoyed searching for any new fact which would enrich human knowledge; he cared little for the fame so many search for, but his service to mankind will long make his name famous.

Provo, Utah

The Missionaries

We trust in God who is above,
And pray both morn and night
That we may walk the path of love,
And do our duty right.

Monroe, Utah.

WESTON N. NORDGREN

A REMNANT OF THE OLD WEST

BY H. R. MERRILL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

When the Latter-day Saints pulled into Salt Lake valley in their covered prairie schooners, and other vehicles not quite so comfortable or efficient, they found here a copper colored people who had claimed this territory through right of possession for how many centuries no one can even guess very accurately. These people at that time, though unlettered in the ways of civilization, were, in their way, a powerful people. The coming of the white man, though he came with hand stretched out in friendliness, set in motion those forces which had practically eliminated the Red Man from the territory of the far eastern portion of the country. Today the Utes are gathered on their reservation, and though many retain their ancient customs, the Red Man of 1847 will soon be of the romantic past. Only a



Full blooded Utes who gave an evening of Indian songs, music and dances in Provo

memory in the minds of the aged will be left of that romantic race that lived in wigwams, hunted and fought with the bow and arrow, and danced their tribal dances and sang their tribal songs upon the plains of Utah.

In Utah we have at least one man, perhaps more, who is striving earnestly to preserve some of these traditions for the information and the entertainment of future generations. That man is Professor Willard Hanson, of Vernal. Some years ago Professor Hanson composed *The Sun Dance Opera*, a very creditable piece, based upon the famous Sun Dance of the Utes. This opera was presented several years ago by the Music Department of the Brigham Young University under the able direction of Professor A. C. Lund. Special scenery was provided and a number of Utes were brought in from Vernal in order that the color might be proper.

Since that time, Professor Hanson has stuck to his job. He is determined to do all in his power to keep some of the dances and the



Ute Indians who recently gave an exhibit of native dances in Provo

tribal melodies alive. But like all other dreamers, he is finding that his own state and his own people are not interested enough to go out of their way any to help him. He is keeping on, however, and if his courage remains as strong during the next decade as it has remained during the last, he is going to do some splendid things for the Ute Indians, and also for his state, in a historical way.

Recently Professor Hanson brought a number of full-blooded Utes to Provo where he gave an evening of Indian songs, music and dances. The Indians were beautifully costumed and seemed really to enjoy the performance. They gave an exhibition of the Circle Dance, the Bear Dance, a part of the Sun Dance, the Hand Game Song, and a number of other interesting Indian pieces. During the

evening a part of the Sun Dance Opera was presented, Professor E. H. Eastmond, himself an enthusiast, having painted a large scene especially for the performance.

The evening was one long to be remembered by everybody. There were scores of people in the audience who had never really seen an Indian taking part in any of his tribal ceremonials, and there were dozens who had never seen a fully dressed Indian Medicine Man, or who had ever known anything of what a Medicine Man was supposed to do. Many pronounced the evening to be the most interesting of the Lyceum season, and yet Mr. Hanson with help attempted to take his Utes to Salt Lake City and other towns, but could not make proper arrangements.

The Bear Dance was probably the most interesting ceremonial of the group presented. This dance seems to be original with the Utes, Mr. Hanson said in explanation. It is a spring festival in which the coming of spring is celebrated. The Bear enters into the sport because the bear comes forth from his hibernation in the spring. The dance is really a pageant in which dancing holds the major interest. In the end the bear, a man supposed to represent that animal, is properly killed and skinned.

Professor Hanson is at present working upon an opera which will be based upon this spring festival of the Utes.

The Indians are an interesting people. As a remnant of the Old West they occupy a romantic place in history. Professor Hanson hopes to get his Utes upon some Lyceum course in order that the world may have a last glimpse of these tribal customs which will soon pass away from the earth forever. To a Latter-day Saint, the Indians ought to be especially interesting, and the work now being done by Professor Hanson, who has been called the Cadman of Utah, ought to seem of more than passing interest and of considerable importance.
Provo, Utah.

For Saving Life

At the general session of the conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. at the Tabernacle at 2 p. m. on Saturday, June 7, a very interesting presentation of a Certificate of Honor took place, granted by the National Court of Honor, Boy Scouts of America, New York City, to Sterling Larson, a young scout of Richmond, Utah, who in 1923, saved the life of a companion from drowning. The incidents relating to the praiseworthy action of the young man were related by one of the scout officers, and President Anthony W. Ivins, national representative for the L. D. S. troops, before the congregation, in a few well chosen words, with the boy on the stand by his side, delivered to him the Certificate of Honor, the whole proceeding being very effective.

PRAYER

BY R. B. SUMMERHAYS

We Stand for Divine Guidance Through Individual and Family Prayer. (See Alma 33:3-11.)

The true attitude of prayer must be founded upon an adequate and true conception of our heavenly Father as nearly as he can be comprehended by mortal beings.

Our heavenly Father has revealed enough of his nature so that it is possible for us to become reasonably acquainted with the real attitude that an individual must hold in order to pray to God sincerely.

He is the very Father of our spirits and, as such, trained us in our pre-existence to become like him in the spirit world; and at the proper time, sent us down here to learn mortality. We hold a similar position to him here as a child who has gone away to college, does to his parents. We are not permitted to see him, but we can partake of his influence and inspiration.

In order to do this we should look upon him as a real Father; exalted from this earth life, and who has won his present position by his untiring devotion to the gospel which he has given to us for our redemption, having himself walked the way. It is desirable to think of him as a loving parent—one who knows how to love with that keen appreciation of parenthood that only an immortal being can express. Parents in this world feel some of these powers, in a small degree, but we are told by our heavenly Father that his love is greater than any that mortal men can manifest. We should remember that it is his work and his glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man, and that, therefore, every law that will make for this condition in the lives of mortal men will be brought into action in our behalf through the love and mercy of God, even though we ourselves sometimes stray. The commandment to pray was given as a means of soul development for man, as well as a means of granting specific requests.

To be effective, prayer should be in keeping with the law. The individual should have in his heart all the spiritual and physical attributes necessary to true devotion.

To begin with, no man should ask of God a special blessing, or to guide him, unless he is willing that our heavenly Father should see the inmost thoughts of his heart and be a counselor to him. He should realize that, when he is praying, or when he is asking for divine assistance, God is there present, either by himself or his representatives, and his attitude should be this: "Would I do it were I to see God here?"

When the Lord said that this is condemnation that light has come

into the world, and that men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, he did not necessarily mean that their deeds were altogether wicked as we use the term, but rather that they were of a lesser than a Godlike standard.

When the light of heaven is turned upon a man's actions, such actions should be in accord with divine law; and it should be the aim of every person who prays, to conform to the heavenly standard, as nearly as it is possible for a man of mortal nature so to do.

This attitude alone will develop the subconscious mind to a state where it will naturally do the thing that ought to be done under given circumstances; provided, that the individual will become intelligent with reference to the things that he ought to do. A combination, therefore, of a knowledge of the truth and a sincere desire to know the will of the Lord, will bring a man out into the sunshine of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost which will clarify his vision and show plainly the way he ought to go. This is the first attitude of prayer.

When once an individual is convinced that he should assume this attitude, it will be easy for him then to enter into the formalities of prayer, such as praying aloud or in secret, in his closet by himself, with his family, in the Church, or even in a social gathering, and he will realize that divine invocation is essential to spiritual progress.

The response of the human body to this attitude of prayer is not only a training in humility and devotion, but it is also a training in the laws of godliness. This was plainly taught by the Lord who revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith that those who would abide the celestial glory must be able to abide a celestial law; in other words, must understand the law and then live it.

This will take a step by step training over the long path that leads to this high goal, and only a sincere trust in God can accomplish this end. Therefore, it is essential that man shall be trained in all the attributes of godliness and be willing to submit himself to the will of the heavenly Father absolutely and without reservation.

The training of the heart, the spirit, and the body, through prayer, is the beginning of spiritual development which makes it increasingly easy for an individual to accept and live the truth as it has been revealed in the gospel.

Few minds in all the world, from the ignorant barbarian to the most devout Christian, but who have an inherent desire to worship a supreme Being. This attitude is born with the individual, so that his specific attitude is founded upon the extent of his true learning with reference to the real nature of God and those associated with him in the celestial world.

History abounds in illustrations of great men having received divine answer to their prayers. This universal manifestation of God's power, through the Holy Ghost, strengthens faith, and is a source of much comfort to the Latter-day Saints, for it brings them to realize

that God has verily revealed himself in these latter days for the salvation of the human family. It enables them to pick out the kernel of truth from the great mass of information that comes to them in the study of books. It enables them to interpret properly the revelations of God in the light of his intelligence. It helps them to know God and to place themselves upon the sure road to eternal progression.

These incentives, when properly put into operation, give the body physical training on the positive side of life. The muscles respond to the intellectual and the spiritual. The mind inclines to that which is good and all of the attributes of the human nature are developed in the direction of godliness.

Prayer is more than the formal asking for divine aid and assistance or blessing. It is man reaching out to God in all the earnestness of his soul with a desire to become spiritually fed and spiritually trained in preparation for the celestial life. Mortality is but a school of experience. If properly directed by the divine Teacher, the Holy Ghost, it will lead to a graduation of a super-character with that degree of intelligence that will permit an individual to abide a celestial glory, which is the aim of all those who have taken upon themselves the name of Jesus Christ.

Salt Lake City, Wasatch Ward

Success

Success cannot be measured by a yardstick made of gold;
 Though most folks try to measure it that way,
 They judge a man successful in proportion to his wealth,
 And toss the Master's golden rule away.
 And yet a multi-millionaire may be a failure rank,
 While some poor man may most successful be;
 Success cannot be measured by a yard stick made of gold;
 Nor failure weighed in scales of poverty.

I call that man successful, who has learned to value most
 The things that bring true happiness and health;
 The honest, free, unselfish man, who loves and toils and laughs,
 Whose treasures are the kind not bought by wealth—
 The strong, courageous, manly man, with heart and brain and soul.
 Who rises to each task as best he can.
 Success cannot be measured by a yard stick made of gold,
 For it is not in money but in man.

I count that man a failure—king of finance though he be,
 Whose God is but an idol made of gold;
 Who does not use the power from the storehouse of his wealth
 In service to the worthy, young or old;
 Whose purpose of existence is not proved by noble deeds;
 And who but lives for self, and self alone.
 Success cannot be measured by a yard stick made of gold;
 But by each goodly act success is shown.

BRIGHAM CLEGG

The Hopi Indians

On the roofs of their terraced houses
Wrapped in their gaudy blankets
The Hopis of the desert land
Are saluting the morning sun.
Chill is the day—spring advancing
Till the coming of the sunbeams,
When their sun-god in his kindness
Smiles as he welcomes his children,
Caressing every one.

The purple dawn has heralded
His light o'er mesa and mountain,
The red clouds have announced him near,
The prayer chief is hailing the time:—
He calls, "Come, worship the sun-god,
The emblem of the Great Spirit!
Ask for the rain in its season,
That our fields may yield their bounty!
And pray that all our foes shall be baffled
Wherever our hills they climb!"

On the narrow mesa looming,
Their time-worn pueblo arises,
Tier on tier of its terraced walls
Unique in their strange displays;
Growth of an old democracy,
Religious, strong and defensive—
A relic of war and conquest
Lingering through the centuries
In forms of their ancient ways.

Deep in their nature is homage
For faith in ancestral virtues,
Deep in their hearts the reverence
For each ceremonial rite;
Magic and mystery blending
In ev'ry labor and pastime,
Prayer intermingled with action
And simple, votive offerings—
While hid in their ancient kivas
The seers their visions indite.

Here in the underground chambers
Are the emblems of their religion.
Dear to the tribal villagers
In mnemonic figures and art;
Taught as a sacred oblation,
Woven in the lore of their fathers,
Sanctified by their traditions,
Old as the hills of the desert
And of the desert a part.

Like the mysterious river,
 Deep in its gorge in the canyon,
 Knowing not from what source it comes
 Nor whither it finds the great sea,
 Is this, their thread of tradition,
 (Held from all unbelievers)
 In all of the terraced mesas,
 Coming down through the centuries
 Prophetic of what shall be:

THE LEGEND

Once were we part of a nation
 Refined in our arts and science;
 And in the wise Great Spirit's care
 His voice came to our seers:
 Obeying the laws of our prophets,
 All in one brotherhood joining,
 Like the forest leaves was our number,
 With peace in every household,
 While happiness blest our years.
 Out of the West, somewhere, sometime:
 Three prophets shall greet our people—
 They who led us into this land,
 Commanding us here to sojourn—
 Never to plunder our neighbors;
 Never to leave our inheritance
 Nor move from our desert refuge;
 Nor altar our faith and worship
 Till hither the seers return.
 Yet holding their ancient customs—
 Refusing alluring changes—
 Waiting—waiting—through the years,
 Fulfilling the pledge they made;
 Why force them from their possessions?
 Force them from usual worship?
 Make them a down-trodden people
 In interests of our trade?
 As dear to them are their ritual,
 Their faith in God, the Great Spirit,
 Their testimony of answered prayer,
 Their hopes of the future state,
 As are the rites of all others
 Who worship the same Creator,
 Who sing the faith of their fathers,
 Who have the love and sincerity
 Their testimonies relate.
 From Isleta to Oriaba
 Their tribal remnants yet linger,
 Though grown apart for centuries
 By variant manners and speech—
 Yet are the traditive customs
 Ordained by a power above them
 Unchanged in religious fervor—
 Yet is the dance a solemn rite
 Their Ancients retain and teach!

Payson, Utah

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

Editors' Table

The M. I. A. June Conference

The annual June Conference of the M. I. A. held in Salt Lake City, June 6, 7, and 8, 1924, was the largest in attendance ever held by the organizations. Over twelve hundred officers were registered for the first meeting on Friday, there being 91 out of 92 stakes of the Church represented. For the outing at Saltair on Friday afternoon, there were 1,566 officers and representatives of the M. I. A. present. The general meetings throughout the Conference were especially well attended in the Assembly Hall and in the Tabernacle. At the Sunday evening meeting in the Tabernacle, the building was packed in both the body of the hall and in the galleries, and many were standing in the aisles. The department meetings were very well attended. In the two meetings of the Advanced Senior Class, officers from 37 and 39 stakes respectively, were present with some 60 to 70 persons present. A survey of other departments indicated that live interest was taken in each one,—the Junior and Scouts, the Senior and M Men, Finance and Publication, Standards and Recreation.

The program was enlivened by many excellent speeches, counsels, demonstrations and exhortations, bearing upon the subjects under consideration, and treating questions of live interest to both officers and members.

Two outstanding features were the addresses by Dr. Emmett D. Angell of Yale and Harvard Universities on "Recreation", and "Liesure Time—Our Great Opportunity:" and Dr. David Snedden, Columbia University, on "The Educational Needs of Our Times." The address of Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard, at 10:30 o'clock Sunday Morning, on "The Mission of the M. I. A.," went directly to fundamentals, and was of an encouraging and inspiring character for the young people pointing towards greater and higher things, not only through lesson work, but through recreation and other activities. Superintendent George Albert Smith was especially happy in his introductory speech at the first meeting in the Assembly Hall, and inspired the congregation of officers which completely filled that structure, with a spirit of enthusiasm which lasted during the whole conference. Other speakers, including President Martha H. Tingey, of the Y. L. M. I. A., followed with rich instructions to the officers that filled them with religious zeal and enthusiasm for their work. The very commendable public speaking and quartette singing contests are mentioned elsewhere in this number of the *Era*.

Three days were taken up, practically every hour by meetings.

in departments and general sessions. Many excellent instructions were given in speeches and counsel by members of the General Board on topics of practical value to the organizations. Especially must be mentioned the speech—"Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," by Dr. Adam S. Bennion; and "Scouting in the Y. M. M. I. A." by Oscar A. Kirkham; "Leadership and Membership in the Y. M. M. I. A." by Charles H. Hart; "Section in Adult Recreation" by Heber C. Iverson; "Adolescent Recreation" by Charlotte Stewart; "Mental Health" by Dr. E. G. Gowans; "Play Activities" by James R. Griffith and Ann Nebeker; "The Boy—Our Greatest Asset" by Bryant S. Hinckley; "Looking Forward in M Men's Work" by Dr. John A. Widtsoe; "Annual Fathers and Sons' and Y. M. M. I. A. Leaders' Outings," by Superintendent Richard R. Lyman; "An Account of the National Scout Conference" by President Anthony W. Ivins; "The Y. M. M. I. A. Leader," by Thomas H. Burton and Don Carlos Wood; "Completing the Organization Prior to Fall Conventions," Ernest P. Horsley; "Cooperating with the Priesthood in Early Selection of Officers," by Hyrum G. Smith; and "Real Teaching—A Challenge" by Dr. Adam S. Bennion. To these must be added the inspirational exercises and speeches under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church given at 2 o'clock on Sunday, the music being furnished by the Tabernacle choir, A. C. Lund, director; and at which meeting Presidents Heber J. Grant, Charles W. Penrose and Anthony W. Ivins spoke, the latter directing his remarks to the M. I. A. Slogans.

A luncheon at noon on Saturday was given by the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. to the stake superintendents practically all of the stakes being represented. It was a very congenial and pleasant affair. Among the items presented to the superintendents and accepted by them was the matter of an increase in the general fund from 25c to 35c a member. This matter was laid before the meeting by Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard and enthusiastically and unanimously accepted, the object being, among other things, to increase the field activity, by the employment of an additional field secretary, and also under certain conditions, explained in the *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, a new edition of which is ready for circulation, by which the stakes are to receive a certain percent refund when 100% of the fund is paid.

It was unanimously resolved that the *Era* subscriptions be placed on a cash basis; that is, that no credit be given hereafter. This was done to save expenses and losses incurred in keeping so many accounts, and to avoid so much clerical work in the general office arising from the credit system. The proposition was made by Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard of the Finance and Publications Committee, in behalf of the Superintendency and General Board, and met with hearty response, and we trust will meet the favor of our subscribers as good

naturedly and as heartily as it was met by the superintendents. Beginning now and for the next volume, we ask that our subscribers pay in advance for the magazine, to save expenses, errors, losses, and misunderstandings that naturally arise where credit is extended. Cash down, we believe, will be more agreeable, both to the subscribers and the general office, and we are sure it will save much annoyance and labor.

The singing and the choruses at the various general meetings and at Saltair were especially excellent, among the singers being the Cottonwood men's chorus, Wm. F. Robinson, conductor, the Y. L. M. I. A. chorus, Evangeline T. Beesley, conductor; the Pioneer stake ladies' chorus, Inez Preece conductor; the Swanee Singers, who furnished music for the Saturday evening program in the Assembly Hall, Gerrett DeJong, conductor; the Boy Scout band, John Held, conductor; and the Y. L. M. I. A. band, Parley Young, conductor. Practical demonstrations of music were given in the Music department by B. Cecil Gates; and "Community Singing in the M. I. A.," was treated by Claude C. Cornwall.

On Sunday morning, at 8:30, over 2,000 officers attended the testimony meeting, held in the Assembly Hall, at which 33 stakes were represented in the testimonies, and a veritable spiritual feast was enjoyed. President Heber J. Grant and the General Superintendency of the Young Men's and the Presidency of the Young Ladies' organizations, with the boards, were practically all present. The inspiration there received continued with the members during the day in their various meetings, and we trust will long live with them in their local work throughout the wards and stakes of Zion.

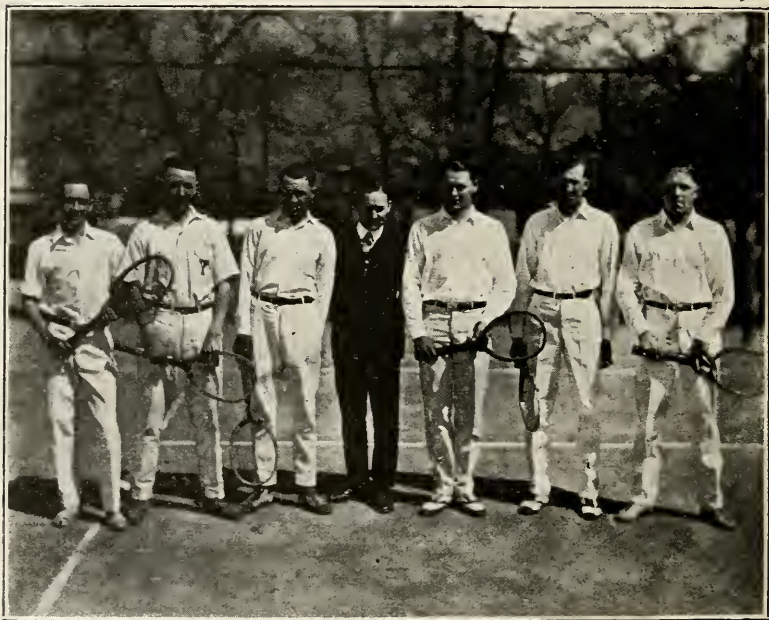
Perhaps the most interesting, because the most popular for the whole membership, was the closing meeting in the Tabernacle, at 7:30, Sunday, in which the slogan for 1924-25 was featured in eight living pictures. The slogan reads:

"We Stand for the Commandment: Honor thy Father and thy Mother."

A banner, stretched across the tabernacle, contained the slogan. Eight living pictures illustrating it were shown and explained under the headings: Appreciation, Obedience, Service, Good behavior, Conduct which builds for character, Achievement, Faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and Honor. These pictures were given under the direction of the M. I. A. Committee on Standards in cooperation with the Primary Association, assisted by Erma Felt Bitner. The closing addresses were given by Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Heber J. Grant, the latter expressing his appreciation of the splendid work that the M. I. A. are engaged in, and particularly dwelling on the importance and value of the slogan that had been illustrated to the immense congregation during the evening.

On the whole, while there were many things that could be im-

proved, the Conference was the most successful that has ever been held, both in point of numbers and attendance, and in instruction imparted. It is true that there being so many departmental meetings, where the representation was small from any stake, the representatives were unable to get all the information, and some complaint was uttered on that account, for the attending officers desired to take advantage if everything that was said and done. The Y. M. M. I. A. is now preparing for the jubilee year (1925) of its organization (10th of June, 1875), begun by the inspiration of President Brigham Young, and his counsel and assignment to Elder Junius F. Wells the first organizer, who is the oldest member in point of seniority, in the General Board and who is still active in the cause.—A.



Brigham Young University Tennis Team, champions of the state and singles champions of the Rocky Mountain Conference. Left to right: Lee Buttle, Reed Gardner, Hunter Manson, Prof. T. Earl Pardoe, coach; Knight Allen, Monte Groesbeck, Fred ("Buck") Dixon.

Mutual Work

Auxiliary Group Conventions, 1924

The Auxiliary Group convention season, with the Relief Societies, Sunday Schools, Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and Primary Associations cooperating, will open in July, 1924, and will extend through the months of August, September, October, and November; the last convention being scheduled for December, 1924. The plan heretofore adopted of holding these conventions in connection with the regular quarterly conferences of the stakes will be followed. The whole of the first day of the conference, usually Saturday, and the forenoon of the second day, usually Sunday, will be devoted to meetings of the auxiliaries. A regular quarterly conference session will be held at 2 p. m. of the second day, usually Sunday.

The schedule of meetings has been simplified, fewer meetings are programmed, but the work is none the less intensive and thorough.

The general plan contemplates a joint meeting of the members of all auxiliary stake board. Separate meetings of the stake boards of each auxiliary, with stake and ward officers, a public meeting giving each auxiliary opportunity to present its message and appeal to the people, and an interview of the general representatives with their respective stake superintendencies or presidencies and secretaries. The stake and ward music committees and M. I. A. committee on recreation will also meet.

The attendance contest among auxiliary associations is planned. The stake and ward organizations will vie with one another for first honors for attendance of their workers at convention meetings. One hundred percent attendance of all stake board members, and a full representation from each ward will be sought. Programs of the meetings will be distributed to stake and ward presiding authorities. Other necessary, general and special instructions will be sent out from the office of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. The success of the convention in each stake and for each organization depends upon the full cooperation, support, and attendance of stake board and ward workers, and the conventions are planned with no other thought acceptable than that every convention will be thoroughly successful.

Reading Course, 1924-25

The reading course books for the Mutual Improvement Associations for the coming season are as follows:

Book of Mosiah—(Book of Mormon), \$.50. The teachings of King Benjamin and the rule of Mosiah, recommending the first representative form of government in America.

The Founding of Utah—Levi Edgar Young, \$1.75; by mail, \$1.85. A book dealing with the origins of western history.

Benefits Forgot—Honore Willsie, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10. A story of Lincoln and mother love.

The Dear Pretender—Alice Ross Colver, \$2.00; by mail, \$2.10. A charming love story, told with simplicity, humor and understanding.

Full set, four books, delivered anywhere if remittance in full accompanies order,

\$5.00. If charged to ward or organization, \$5.40. Books may be obtained at Deseret Book Company, 44 E. So. Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

The reading course books for the year 1923-24 are:

The Dim Lantern—Temple Bailey.

Ox-Team Days on the Oregon Trail—Meeker-Driggs.

Including Mother—Mary Ashman.

Worthwhile Books—Henry Van Dyke.

Third Nephi—(Book of Mormon)

The M. I. A. Slogans

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Ps. 20:5.
We stand for—

A Sacred Sabbath and a Weekly Half Holiday.

A Weekly Home Evening.

State- and Nation-Wide Prohibition.

Thrift and Economy.

Service to God and Country.

Spiritual Growth Through Attendance at Sacrament Meetings.

The Non-Use and Non-Sale of Tobacco.

Loyal Citizenship.

A Pure Life Through Clean Thought and Action.

Divine Guidance Through Individual and Family Prayer.

The Commandment: Honor thy Father and thy Mother.

Public Speaking and Quartette Singing Contests

The public speaking and quartet singing contests of the M Men of the Y. M. M. I. A., for the season of 1923-24, engaged a large number of ward units in the stakes. There were seven stakes which brought contestants for the district finals in Salt Lake City, at the June conference. Tryouts of the district representatives in public speaking and quartet singing were held at 3:45 p. m. on Friday, and the winners in public speaking were M. Douglas Wood, Salt Lake stake; and Clarence W. Brown, Mt. Ogden stake. The winners in the quartet singing were Logan stake, Rulon Johnson, Frank Kennard, Carvel Johnson and Gleason Kennard; and Salt Lake stake, John T. Sorensen, Elmer Poulton, M. Douglas Wood and Joel Bowen.

The grand finals in M Men public speaking and singing in which these four units contested for first place, were held in the Tabernacle on Saturday at 2 o'clock before a large congregation in the Y. M. M. I. A. general session. In singing, the quartet from Salt Lake stake won. The contest number was, "Praying for You."

The winner in public speaking in the finals was M. Douglas Wood of the 24th ward, Salt Lake stake, whose speech was entitled, "The Divinity of Christ." Clarence W. Brown, Mt. Ogden stake, who contested, spoke on "Mormonism as an Educational Institution." His speech will be printed later in the *Improvement Era*.

Regarding the winner, M. Douglas Wood, we are informed that, "The common opinion is that the newer the stake or ward, the more life it contains." But in this case the Salt Lake stake, which is the oldest stake in the Church, feels that they have upset that thought. The 24th ward association from which the winner comes, we are told, faithfully participates in every contest that makes for the welfare and advancement of the young

people. All who participated in this contest are good, live members of the M. I. A. and the Church. John T. Sorensen, first tenor, being the first counselor in the Y. M. M. I. A., Sunday School teacher, and secretary of the elders' quorum, also an active Junior in the University of Utah. M. Douglas Wood, second tenor, and who also won the public speaking honors, is a



Clarence W. Brown



M. Douglas Wood

Sunday School teacher, has taken parts in many plays in the ward, is yell master at the University of Utah, took part in the school opera, is a member of the men's glee club, and is actively engaged in all school activities though only in his second year at the University. Elmer Poulton, baritone, has participated in nearly all the ward activities, especially dramatics, is a graduate of the L. D. S. high school, a basketball player, as well as a trustworthy, progressive employee of the Deseret National Bank. Joel Bowen, bass, recently came from New Jersey where he has been living for some time, although a native of Utah, and is here with his uncle attending the University. He entered the M Men's debating contest but was defeated, is an active ward member and a member of the choir, University glee club, and was in the school opera, though this is his first year at the University. We are indebted to George G. Wood for the above information on the winning contestants.

The members of the Logan quartet who competed with the winning one are young men of excellent character and ability and were worthy opponents, giving great delight to the large audience which heard them. This may also be said of the young men who took part in the public speaking contest—a contest of great value when we consider the great number of young men who have taken part in the units of the Church. The value of these Mutual activities can scarcely be computed. The M Men's work takes the young man at the most important period of his life and hence, should be given the greatest attention by the general and stake authorities. While young men at this age are anxious to do many things for themselves, it is still necessary that they

should be assisted and directed, a duty that devolves upon the class leaders who ought to be experienced so that they can render the most efficient aid. The M Men's work is helping the young man to receive the most valuable of all gifts, a strong, living testimony of the gospel. Having this thought in view the work cannot fail, hence, those who have a love for the gospel and for



Winners in quartette singing; left to right: M. Douglas Wood, John T. Sorensen, Elmer Poulton, Joel H. Bowen.

the men of tomorrow, should be anxious to make this a most important and active work in the M. I. A.

The general Superintendency and the General Board are pleased to express their appreciation to every young man who took part in these contests. We only wish we had room to name all, in every ward and stake of the Church, who made an effort to win in these contests, both in singing and speaking, which we consider very important exercises.—A.

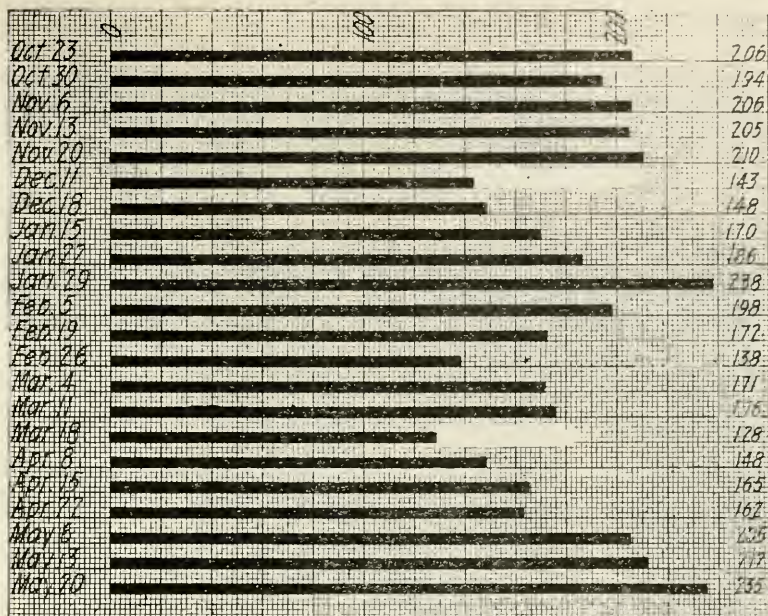
Advanced Senior Class Reunion

From Hurricane, Utah, we are informed that under the leadership of David Hirschi and Ellen S. Witwer the Advanced Senior class finished very successfully the 1923-24 course as outlined. Keen interest was shown by the members of the class in the work and each did his part in the preparation of the lessons. On the 16th of May the reunion was held in the ward hall in which over 150 participated. A program of songs, speeches, wit and humor, contests, an original poem and expressions of appreciation to the class leaders was presented, followed by a dainty luncheon and dancing. The following resolution was passed by the class: "Resolved, That we keep up the Mutual spirit during the summer months by encouraging the boy scout movement, by aiding and participating in the fathers and sons' outings, by lending our support to the Bee-Hive girls, and by taking part in the mothers and daughters' outings, and aiding to make the monthly joint programs of the M. I. A. a success, and that all members be determined to become real workers in the Advanced Senior class in the coming season."

A Valuable Lesson

The following chart gives the attendance for the year 1923-24 of the Eleventh ward of the Ensign stake. It represents the total attendance of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations combined, and does not include attendance on open evening or Sunday joint meetings. The accompanying explanation of the attendance is worth studying, as showing the reasons for variation in the attendance at the various ses-

sions of the year. The high points in the attendance were on January 29 and May 20. The latter on account of extra effort put forth on the part of officers and for the preparations for M. I. A. Day at Pinecrest. On the whole, the ward shows an excellent record during the whole season of twenty-two meetings. We congratulate the secretary, Otto Duke, on the splendid arrangement. He is a secretary who has the lines in hand which is a quality well worth the consideration of other secretaries of the M. I. A.



He gives the following notes on the diagram:—

Dec. 11—Low on account of missing two class periods and ward bazaar.

Dec. 18—Low on account of examination week at the University, and Christmas near.

Jan. 15—Low on account of long time between class periods.

Jan. 29—High, on account of interest in basketball, and good season of year.

Feb. 26—Low on account of about twenty or more going to see our ward play in the inter-state basketball tournament.

March 18—Low on account of examinations at University.

May 6, 13, and 20—High on account of extra effort on part of officers and preparations for M. I. A. Day at Pinecrest.

Successful in Athletics

The Brigham Young University, by winning state championships in basketball, wrestling, and tennis, and by winning conference championships in basketball and singles in tennis, second place in swimming, and third place in football, has completed its most successful year in athletics. Besides the championships it has won, the institution, for the first time in years, suc-

ceeded in defeating the University of Utah in a dual track and field meet.

The "Y", though new in football, played such a splendid brand of ball for its second year that sport writers throughout the conference gave the team no little prominence in the columns of the papers. In swimming, though without a pool, the school finished second with Utah in the first position.

The basketball race was the most spectacular of the season. The University of Utah held last year's championship, and the Utah Agricultural College had a full team of stars augmented with several first class freshmen.



This array of teams made the race for basketball honors seem all but hopeless. The Cougar team, however, through conscientious training and unadulterated hard work succeeded in going through the eight games for the Utah championship with but one defeat.

By defeating the Greeley team from Colorado during the season, and the Colorado College team, champions of Colorado, in two out of three of the most thrilling games ever played in Provo, the Cougars won the undisputed championship of the Rocky Mountain conference.

The wrestling championship was won in competition with the University of Utah and the Utah Agricultural College teams on the U. of U. gymnasium mats. Later the tennis team after playing the other college teams of the state to a tie, won the championship in decisive victories over the U. A. C. team. The conference championship in tennis in the singles division was won by Fred "Buck" Dixon after he had played up through the preliminaries without a defeat. The doubles team, composed of Dixon and Manson went to the finals where they were defeated for the doubles championship of the conference by the University of Utah doubles team.

Officials of the Brigham Young University have been well pleased with the showing made by the various athletic teams that have represented the institution.—H. R. Merrill.

The "M"

We are in receipt of the 7th number, May 13, of *The "M"*, the official publication of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Maricopa stake of Zion, published in Mesa, Arizona, Frank V. Anderson, editor, with Elijah Allen, Bertha A. Kleinman and Beulah Standage associate editors. It is a neat publication of about twenty pages containing interesting matter concerning the work of the M. I. A. in the stake and its up-to-date activities. The periodical began last November and bids well to run on and on. The editors declare that they are proud of some of the contributions to *The "M"*, coming as they do from boys and girls heretofore silent. The editors like-

wise express the hope that the approval and encouragement given to their contributors may cause them to be schooled to attempt contributions to the *Improvement Era*. We wish the new magazine success. With one of the associate editors, Bertha A. Kleinman, the readers of the *Era* are familiar, since many of her splendid poetical contributions have appeared in the *Improvement Era* from time to time.

Montpelier Stake Special Activities

Superintendent A. J. Winters reports that most of the wards in Montpelier stake responded in fine manner to the request for preliminary tryouts in debating, and a stake series of debates was held. The question discussed was, "Resolved, That Idaho should adopt a state-wide tax for the maintenance of public schools." Geneva, Wardboro, Montpelier Third and Fourth wards met in semi-finals; and the Third and Fourth wards of Montpelier contested for the finals on February 26, the Fourth ward winning the final contest.



Third Ward, left: Winnifred Cruikshank, Helen Groo. Fourth Ward, right: Dick Shipley, Mary Shipley.

Great interest was shown in the series of debates and all officers were unanimous in pronouncing this an efficient means of stimulating interest in this worth-while activity.

The drama also was especially emphasized during April, most of the wards preparing a one-act play, and after presenting it in their own home ward, brought it to Montpelier where it was presented in the Rich theatre. Three or four of these plays, together with special features given by scouts, Bee-Hive girls, Senior girls, etc., provided wholesome entertainment for the public for several evenings. The plays were well patronized and met with public approval, the following wards participating: Bennington, Wardboro, Raymond, Montpelier, First, Second, Third, and Fourth.

Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, MAY, 1924

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mtgs. or Teacher-T. Classes	Total
Bear River	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	93
Beaver	10	10	8	5	10	6	10	10	5	6	80
Box Elder	10	6	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	92
Deseret	10	8	6	6	7	10	10	8	6	4	75
Gunnison	10	4	10	10	10	8	9	10	9	6	86
Kanab	10	4	5	5	10	10	8	8	---	6	56
Mt. Ogden	10	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	7	94
North Weber	10	6	10	10	10	8	10	9	10	7	90
Ogden	9	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	94
Pioneer	9	5	9	10	10	9	8	10	9	7	86
Roosevelt	9	8	8	5	9	9	10	10	7	5	80
Salt Lake	7	7	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	8	89
San Juan	8	8	6	4	6	6	7	8	8	5	66
Bingham	10	8	9	9	10	10	8	10	9	6	89
Burley	10	5	7	3	10	10	8	10	9	7	79
Idaho	10	7	9	6	8	9	10	7	7	5	78
Minidoka	10	4	5	5	7	6	7	7	6	6	63
Pocatello	10	5	9	6	9	8	10	9	7	6	79
Shelley	6	5	10	2	10	10	7	10	5	---	65
Lethbridge	10	7	10	10	10	7	10	10	10	10	94
Star Valley	9	6	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	5	86
Woodruff	7	10	6	4	6	6	4	10	2	2	57
Young	7	3	2	---	2	2	1	2	1	1	21
Calif. Mission	10	10	6	3	10	6	7	10	8	5	75

Y. M. M. I. A. STATISTICAL REPORT, MAY, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	488	12	12	104	220	162	193	679	61	64	55	77	257
Beaver	289	5	5	43	70	88	119	320	27	48	43	90	208
Box Elder	796	13	13	106	330	192	277	905	74	165	84	97	420
Deseret	418	11	11	80	198	95	143	516	45	90	75	93	303
Gunnison	283	7	7	47	77	96	93	313	31	19	34	48	132
Kanab	222	6	6	45	101	47	81	274	21	36	11	57	125
Mount Ogden	529	6	6	53	111	143	219	526	40	41	73	113	267
North Weber	673	17	17	134	83	250	306	783	73	23	90	105	291
Ogden	773	10	10	82	121	249	299	751	59	47	103	148	357
Pioneer	760	10	10	93	88	197	259	637	73	39	89	130	331
Roosevelt	326	10	10	78	88	95	113	374	48	43	47	59	197
Salt Lake	1078	12	12	132	109	167	349	757	93	52	68	199	412
San Juan	220	5	4	29	54	48	65	196	21	29	31	28	109
Bingham	304	12	7	49	87	93	121	350	37	49	33	44	163
Burley	322	10	10	73	156	84	124	437	57	72	39	53	221
Idaho	211	12	9	72	88	29	86	275	60	52	13	44	169
Minidoka	---	7	5	37	77	46	83	243	33	32	17	26	108
Pocatello	412	10	9	99	67	134	126	426	59	32	58	79	228
Shelley	350	8	5	45	68	52	74	239	31	35	19	41	126
Lethbridge	109	10	---	43	50	40	51	184	28	20	20	28	96
Star Valley	353	11	9	86	53	87	94	320	53	27	55	51	186
Woodruff	425	8	6	60	80	68	95	303	40	60	60	70	230
Young	102	4	1	12	21	13	25	71	4	7	4	10	25
Calif. Mission	378	29	28	109	108	125	104	446	99	101	82	72	354

Passing Events

Harry Thaw is set free, after seventeen years of intermittent confinement in jails and asylums, after he had slain Stanford White and been declared insane.

President Heber J. Grant addressed a large audience at the commencement exercises of the B. Y. College, Logan, June 1. Elder George Albert Smith delivered the formal address to the graduates.

President A. W. Ivins presided at the commencement exercises of the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, May 31, when 143 graduates received degrees—the largest graduating class in the history of the institution.

The Soldiers' Bonus Bill was passed by the U. S. Senate, May 19, by a vote of 59 to 26. The measure now becomes law, notwithstanding the veto of the president, the House having taken similar action on May 17.

Angus J. Cannon, wife and daughter, left for South Royalton, May 13, where Elder Cannon will take charge of the Smith Memorial Cottage, succeeding Heber C. Smith, who has presided there for the past six years.

Premier Poincare tendered his resignation, June 1, to President Millerand. He has been the prime minister of France the last two and a half years. In the chamber of deputies, the radicals raised a storm against the president, hoping to force him to resign.

Sir Edward Goschen died at his home in London, May 20. He was the British ambassador in Germany when the war broke out, and it was to him that the German chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, said the treaty with Belgium was only "a scrap of paper."

The cornerstones of the Twentieth ward chapel, Salt Lake City, were laid with appropriate services, Sunday, May 18, on the corner of G St. and 2nd Ave. Elder James E. Talmage officiated. About 500 persons were present, and the ward bishopric had charge of the services.

Samuel F. Carpenter died at his home in Salt Lake City, May 24, at the age of 64 years. He was formerly a guard at the Utah state prison. He was born in London, England, and emigrated to Utah when a child. For the past 19 years he has served as a peace officer in various Utah communities.

Russia is now "Ussr", according to a notice published June 6 by the French postal administration. France has been advised, it seems, that the Russian government has changed the name of the country to "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics", and that this unwieldy name can be abbreviated to "Ussr".

General W. A. Lukhomlinoff fixes the responsibility for the World War on Poincare, the Grand Duke Nicholaeivitch, and the then Russian Minister Sasanoff. He says these three agreed among themselves to leave nothing undone to make a peaceable solution of the problem that caused the conflict impossible.

One hundred and twenty-five Indians became citizens at once, when President Coolidge, June 5, signed the bill which makes every Indian born in the United States a citizen. There are about 200,000 Indians citizens before. The property rights of the Indians are not affected. They are still the wards of the government.

At the B. Y. U., Provo, Commencement exercises, June 1, Elder Orson F. Whitney of the Council of Twelve, delivered the baccalaureate sermon in the Utah Stake Tabernacle to an audience of more than 2,000. He reviewed the history of the Church school system from the time of the establishment of the Church until the beginning of the B. Y. U.

President Coolidge signed the immigration restriction bill, May 26, expressing regret that Japanese exclusion had been made part of it. "There is," he said, "scarcely any ground for disagreement as to the result we want, but this method of securing it is unnecessary and deplorable at this time. If the exclusion stood alone I should disapprove of it without hesitation if sought in this way at this time."

A celebration at Ironton in which Utah and California joined, was held June 8, marking the official recognition of the opening of the Ironton plant of the Columbia Steel Corporation. Mr. Wiggington E. Creed of San Francisco, president of the concern, was applauded by Utahns from all over the state. The plant has been in operation for a month, producing approximately 300 tons of pig iron a day from Utah ore and coke.

A chapel is to be built by the Church in Washington, D. C., at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Columbia Road, according to a statement made at the Church office, May 14. The lot has been purchased by Senator Reed Smoot for the Church and is valued at about \$25,000. According to reports in Washington, the building will cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000. The finest legation buildings and some of the most impressive residences are located along sixteenth St.

Serious irregularities are charged in the report adopted by the U. S. senate committee which has been investigating the Sinclair and Doheny oil leases. The report holds that the leases were wasteful and had been negotiated secretly in disregard of the statutes and on the basis of a presidential order illegally issued; the payment of \$100,000 to Albert B. Fall was "reprehensible," the reports say, but there was no evidence of an "oil conspiracy" at the Chicago convention of 1920 or of speculation by public officials in Sinclair and Doheny oil stock.

Adhesion by the United States to the World Court is urged in a resolution reported by the senate foreign relations committee, May 24. The report brings the matter of the World Court technically before the senate, but, owing to opposing measures introduced by Senators Lodge and Pepper, no vote on it is expected during this session. On the same date, the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Springfield, Mass., adopted a resolution condemning war as the suicide of civilization and advocating a world conference of churches to conduct a campaign for peace.

President Coolidge signed the tax reduction bill, June 2. It provides, he says, a certain amount of tax reduction, but it adds some undesirable features to the present law. He refers especially to the fact that it invites men with large inherited or accumulated capital to withdraw from productive business and invest in tax-exempt securities. It provides for a 25 per cent reduction in income taxes payable this year. Those who have paid the full tax for the year will receive a refund from the revenue office. Those who pay in installments can deduct the reduction from the part of the tax that is still due.

Getting a stand of sugar beets. The long spell of dry weather this spring caused much trouble in the stand of sugar beets. However, there are a number of farmers who have obtained perfectly satisfactory stands, according to Professor George Stewart of the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station. The chief reason is that they supplied them well with organic

matter, and plowed them last fall. Land plowed in the spring, especially if coarse manure is turned under the plowing, makes it practically impossible to obtain stands on account of the top soil being too dry and loose for germination.

Miss Margaret Horne Pyper died in Logan, May 17. Funeral services were held May 20, at the 18th ward chapel, Salt Lake City. Elder L. F. Whitney, counselor in the bishopric, having charge. Mrs. Pyper was a daughter of the late Joseph and Mary Shepherd Horne. She was a native of Salt Lake City and was born June 12, 1874. Mrs. Pyper was educated at the University of Utah and acted as registrar in the first organization of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. In 1890 she was married to Alexander C. Pyper, soon after which they located in Los Angeles. Later they went to San Diego, where she has lived since.

President Anthony W. Ivins visited Independence, Jackson County, Mo., on Sunday, May 11, and spoke to an interested audience in the new chapel. He related many historic incidents that had transpired there, and explained some prophecies concerning that part of the country. He said the great temple would eventually be built there, and people of all nations would be gathered to the "tops of the mountains." President and Mrs. Samuel O. Bennion, of the Central States mission, met President Ivins and Elder Richard R. Lyman at Kansas City and took the visitors on a tour through that interesting and beautiful portion of the country.

Bishop William M. Brown was placed on trial for heresy at Cleveland, Ohio, May 27. He is a prelate of Protestant Episcopal church, and is charged with denying that Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the miraculous parts of the Bible are true. Counsel for the defense, at the first session of the court, maintained that neither one bishop, nor several bishops, had the authority to try a brother bishop in matters pertaining to doctrine. His defense was that he believes every word of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the Apostolic and Nicene Creeds in a "symbolical" sense, and that that is not heresy. The trial court, however, on May 31, found him "guilty."

The funeral of Elder Wallace D. Bingham was held from the Ogden Tabernacle, June 8, when the building was filled to overflowing. The services were conducted by Bishop James H. Platt, of the Wilson ward. Elder Bingham died April 16 in New Zealand, where he was on a mission, from injuries received the previous day while bathing and diving into a river where it was too shallow. He struck his head on a sandbank and suffered a fracture and dislocation of the cerebral vertebrae. Mr. Eyre, assisted by several Maori men, took Mr. Bingham to the home of a school teacher near by and summoned a doctor. He became conscious and talked freely until about 2 a. m. the next morning when his condition grew rapidly worse and he died at 10 a. m.

Former Bishop Lewis M. Cannon passed away at his home in Salt Lake City, June 7, after an attack of influenza about three months previously. He was the son of Angus M. and Amanda Mousley Cannon and was born in St. George, April 11, 1866. Upon the return of his family to Salt Lake from St. George, where his parents were early settlers, Mr. Cannon attended the district schools and B. Y. U. at Provo. He later filled a mission in Germany and upon his return entered the Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company as assistant cashier. He next entered the real estate business and recently he had been employed in the city engineer's office. When Cannon ward was organized in 1896, Mr. Cannon was ordained bishop and served in that capacity until 1920, when he moved from the city. A large number of brothers and sisters survive him.

The American world flyers arrived at Tokio, Japan, May 24, where they were royally received and acclaimed by enthusiastic throngs, notwithstanding the unpleasant situation created by the American immigration law, passed by Congress: At Bering Island, where the aviators rode out a snow storm on the night of May 16, Russian officers objected to the Americans taking refuge in Russian territory, Lieut. Lowell H. Smith, acting commander said Saturday. The planes had come down and were riding the seas, Smith said, when Russian authorities put out in a boat and approached the flag plane. "They were polite enough, but made it plain we were there without a welcome because the United States and Soviet Russia have no treaty relations." In justice to the Russian officials it can be said, however, that they never refused charity from the United States, in times of famine and distress.

The dividing of Granite stake into two new stakes, Granite and Grant stakes, and the appointment of officers for Grant stake, was accomplished at the stake quarterly conference, a meeting of the Granite stake presidency and ward bishoprics held in the Granite stake house, May 25. Elder J. J. Daynes, first counselor of Granite stake, was sustained as president of Grant stake; A. H. Woodruff, first counselor, and Joseph Anderson, second counselor, Frank Y. Taylor was retained as president of Granite stake, and Edward H. Anderson as first counselor, while George S. Spencer was chosen second counselor to succeed Elder Daynes. Grant stake will include the following wards, according to the new arrangement: East Mill Creek, Wilford, Wandamere, Miller, Burton, Farmers, Waterloo, and Wells; while Granite stake will include Parley's, Highland Park, Sugarhouse, Forest Dale, Richards, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Wasatch wards. President Heber J. Grant and Elders George Albert Smith and George F. Richards, attended the conference.

Mrs. Adelaide Cameron Noble Hinckley died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Ray, 26 Quince St., Salt Lake City, May 28. She was born Aug 4, 1833, at Livina, Wayne Co., Michigan, and with her parents, joined the westward move of the Latter-day Saints. They spent some time at Winter Quarters, and arrived in Utah in Oct., 1850. She was married to Ira N. Hinckley, Dec. 11, 1853, by President Brigham Young. In 1876, Ira N. Hinckley was called to preside over Millard stake. In 1904 he moved to Provo, where he died. For the past 14 years Mrs. Hinckley has lived with her daughter, Mrs. Ray. She had 11 children, 8 of whom are now living.

A protest against the immigration bill, passed by Congress and signed by President Coolidge, was cabled from the Japanese government to Washington, May 28. The Japanese minister, Hanihara, will leave Washington as soon as the protest is delivered to Secretary Hughes. It expresses deep regret at the exclusion feature of the bill passed, notwithstanding representation by the Japanese government. The Japanese press is less courteous in its comments. Some of the papers urge the Nippon government to adopt practical measures instead of protests. In the United States, too, the law is by some viewed with alarm.

William Bradford, principal of the Lowell School, died, May 24, at his home in Salt Lake City, after 42 years of efficient and faithful work in the service of the educational interests of the state. He was born in East Mill Creek, Jan. 1, 1858, the son of Rawsel and Jane Bradford, pioneers of 1847, he received his education in the public schools, at the University of Utah, Columbia University and the University of California at Berkeley, Calif., where he was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree. Completing his education he immediately began teaching school and was the oldest prin-

cial in point of service in the city school system at the time of his death. Early in life he married Miss Alice Winder, who died four years ago. Surviving Mr. Bradford are the following sons and daughters: Judge C. R. Bradford, of the Third district juvenile court; W. C. Bradford, national director of the Community Music and National Playground Association; Miss Lisle Bradford, director of music, East High school; Mrs. Beth Barrett, who was prominently identified with social work in New York during the war and the wife of Lieutenant David D. Barrett; Ross Bradford, secretary of the Allsteel Office Supply Company, Salt Lake; Mrs. Claire Kappie, former teacher in the Payson high school and wife of Dixon Capple, athletic instructor in the Ogden high school; Lois Bradford Romney, former teacher in the South Junior high school, and wife of Vernon Romney, Salt Lake attorney; Ruth Bradford, student at the University of Utah; also 17 grandchildren and several brothers and sisters.

The first session of the 68th Congress adjourned June 7. The closing session was characterized with controversy and turmoil, the finale being in line with the entire piece. But in spite of the time occupied by investigations and controversies, the legislators found time during the six months to enact 300 general public laws and several hundred private measures. The most important legislation was the tax reduction and immigration laws and the child labor amendment. Among other measures of less importance enacted were: Johnson bill humanizing the veterans' bureau and liberalizing compensation and hospitalization benefits for disabled veterans. Rogers bill reorganizing the diplomatic and consular services and merging the two into one American foreign service. Hoch-Smith resolution ordering a general readjustment of railroad rates, particularly with regard to farm products. (This was the nearest thing to farm relief legislation enacted.) Emergency appropriations to combat the foot and mouth disease in California; and the bill conferring citizenship on native Indians. Appropriations aggregating two and three-quarters billion dollars were granted in twelve bills. Additional appropriations aggregating more than \$300,000,000 were authorized, including \$165,000,000 for roads and \$150,000,000 for naval construction and alterations. With the approximately \$900,000,000 interest on the public debt, the total funds provided for the government during the coming fiscal year probably will exceed the original budget and estimate of \$3,610,000,000. The senate, however, refused to consider any measure for the preservation of peace, though the Harding proposition has been in the foreign relations committee for over a year.





Photo through courtesy of J. Cecil Alter.
Headstone at the Grave, Clarkston, Utah

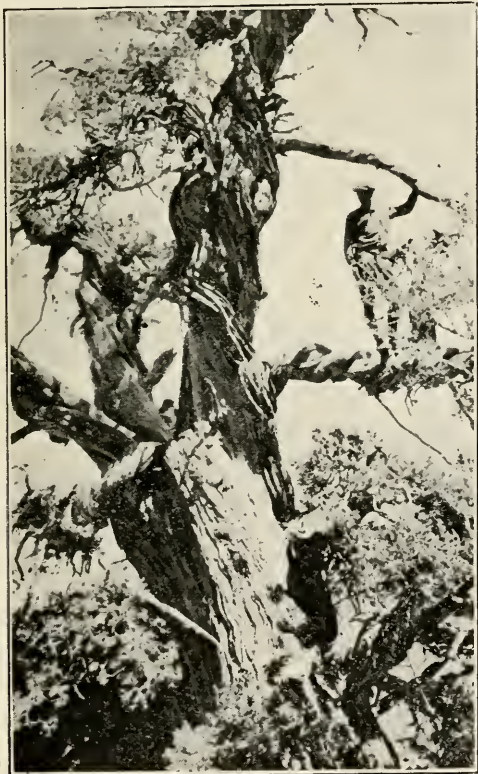
The following testimony was given by Martin Harris in Clarkston, Utah, just prior to his death and has been preserved as an additional testimony to the account found in the *History of the Church*, Volume 1, pages 52-57 and notes, which read. (See also Doc. and Cov. 5:10-16, March, 1829; Doc. and Cov. 17:1:9, June, 1829). As taken at Clarkston, the testimony of Martin Harris reads:

"Brethren: I believe there is an angel here to hear what I tell you, and

you shall never forget what I say. The Prophet Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and myself went into a little grove to pray to obtain fulfilment of the promise that we should behold the plates with our natural eyes that we might testify of it to the world. We prayed a time or two, and at length an angel stood before David and Oliver and showed them the plates; but behold, I had gone by myself to pray, and in my deepest distress I asked the Prophet Joseph Smith to kneel down with me and pray for me that I might also see the plates. He did so, and immediately the angel stood before me and said 'Look!' When I gazed upon him I fell to the earth, but I stood upon my feet again and saw the angel turn the golden leaves over and I said, 'That is enough, my Lord and my God!' Then I heard the voice of the Lord say: 'The book translated from those plates is true and translated correctly.'"—A.

The Juniper Tree

A picture of the oldest known Juniper tree in Utah. This tree has battled against the wind and storms for over 3,000 years. It is located



about four miles up the lefthand fork in Logan Canyon. Note the knot in the limb in the center and left part of the picture. As citizens of Utah we ought to spend more time in our own state visiting our own beauty and wonder spots and old relics. Each year there are hundreds of our citizens who leave the state to go on their pleasure and sightseeing trips who have never seen the sights of Utah and may not even know that Utah has some of the most wonderful scenery found anywhere in the world. Utah should have more tourists each year and would have, if the people of the state would help to advertise our wonderful scenery. Let us make 1924 a big year for Utah and set

up as our slogan, "See Utah First."—H. L. HAMMOND, Providence, Utah.

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CONTENTS

Utah Woods	Frontispiece
Trail of the Pioneers. A Poem	Alice Morrill 799
The Pioneer Dead. A Poem	Frank C. Steele 801
Winning the World for Christ	Elder Melvin J. Ballard 802
A Little Child Shall Lead Them. A Poem	Bertha A. Kleinman 807
Your Call and My Call	Wayne C. Gardner 808
Inspiration from Trees. Illustrated	Laval S. Morris 810
Guilty or Not Guilty. A Story	Wm. H. Peterson 815
Could We but Know. A Poem	Ruth B. Musser 820
The Spenders	H. L. Johnston 821
I Linger, But I Know. A Poem	Dorothy C. Retsloff 822
Our Feathered Friends. Illustrated	Mark H. Allen 823
Never Mind. A Poem	Alfred Osmond 827
Waters of the Ticaboo. A Story	Taylor Thurber 828
Messages from the Missions	835
On the Brink of Mortality. A Poem	Lula Williams Nelson 844
Twilight and You, Daddy. Song with Music	D. P. Griffeth 846
A Passing Thought. A Poem	Alfred Lambourne 847
Watching Big Brother	Pearl Spencer 848
Mother! Dear Mother of Mine! A Poem	David H. Elton 849
Avachte-Shinawv. A True Wolf Story, Illustrated	Albert R. Lyman 850
My Faith. A Poem	Olive Belnap Jensen 859
Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep it Holy	Wendell S. Stout 860
Heroes of Science—II. Henry	F. S. Harris and N. I. Butt 862
A Remnant of the Old West. Illustrated	H. R. Merrill 865
For Saving Life. A Recognition of	Sterling Larson 867
Prayer	R. B. Summerhays 868
Success. A Poem	Brigham Clegg 870
The Hopi Indians. A Poem	Joseph Longking Tounsand 871
Editors' Table—The M. I. A. Conference	873
Brigham Young University Tennis Team	876
Mutual Work	877
Passing Events	885
Martin Harris' Grave. Illustration	890
The Juniper Tree. Illustrated	H. L. Hammond 891

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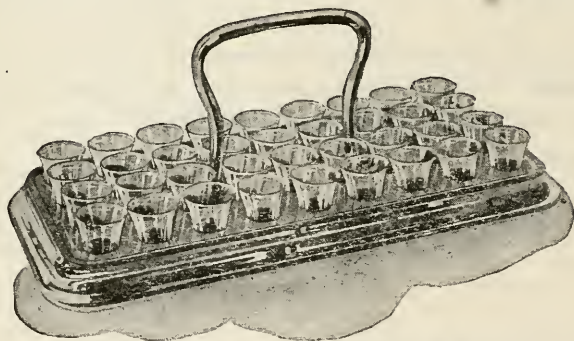
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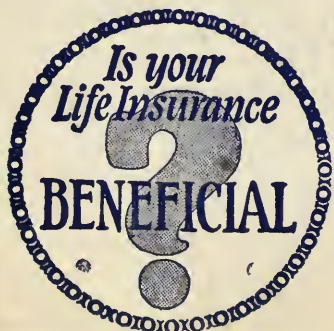
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